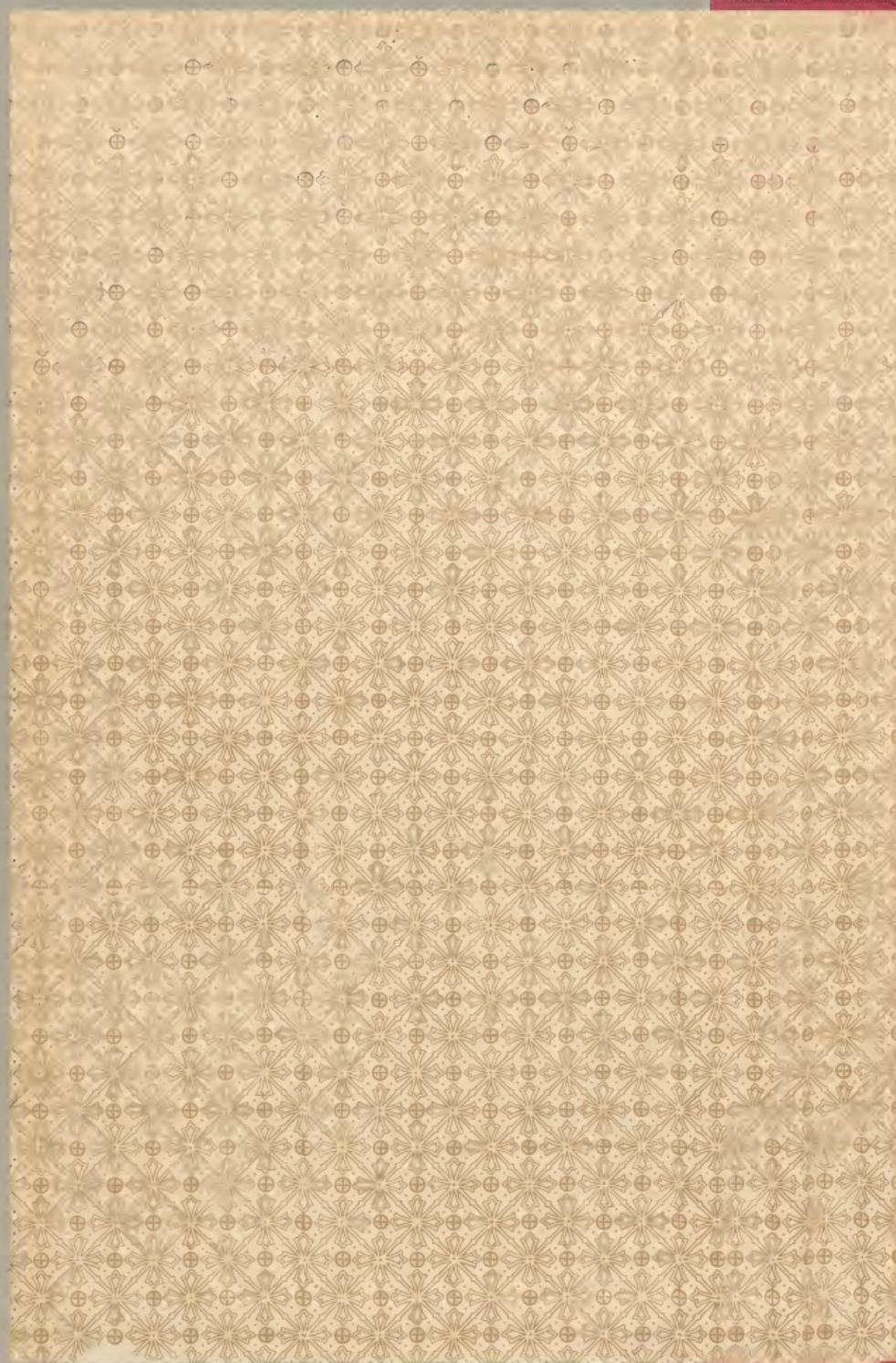
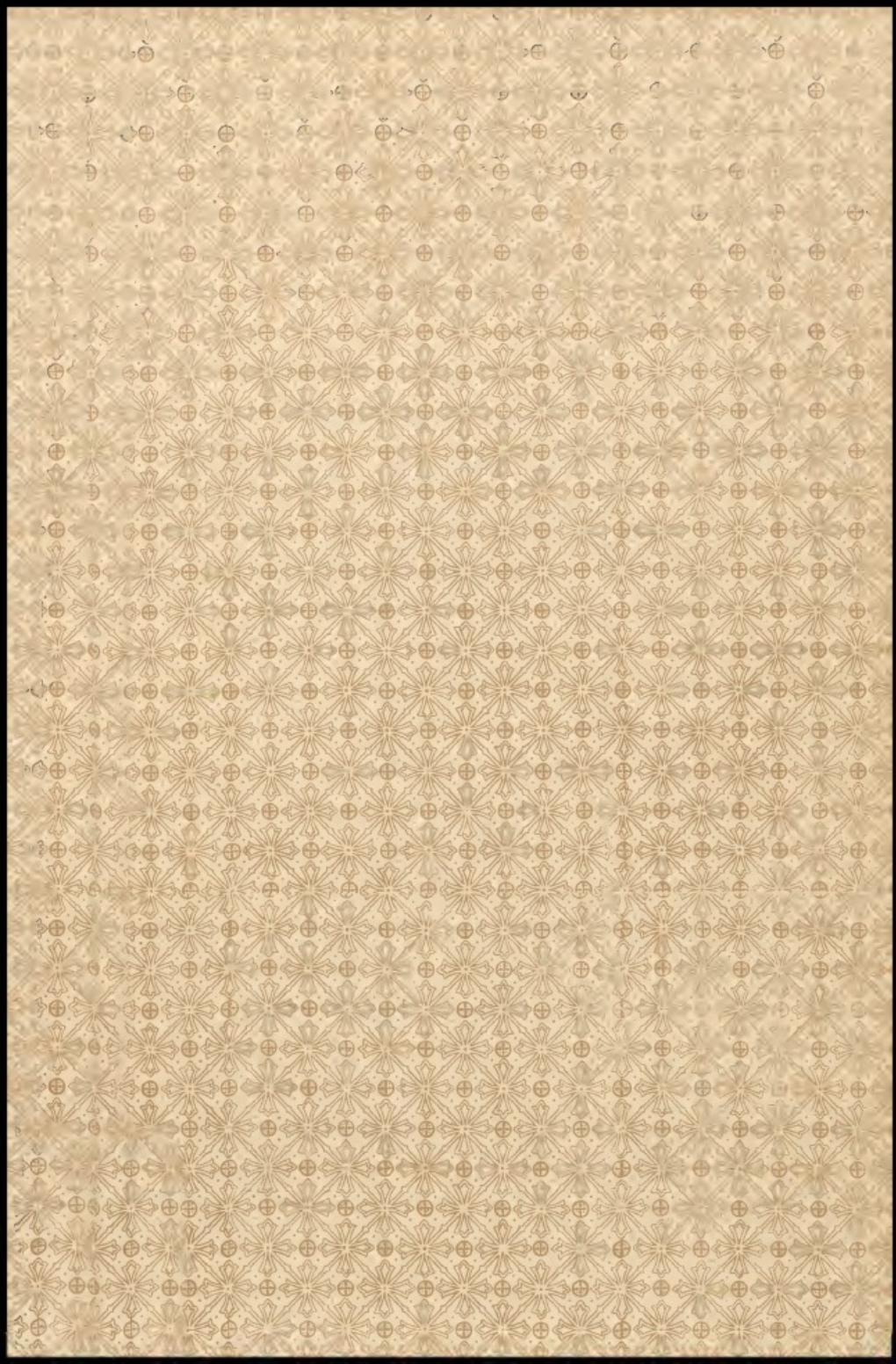
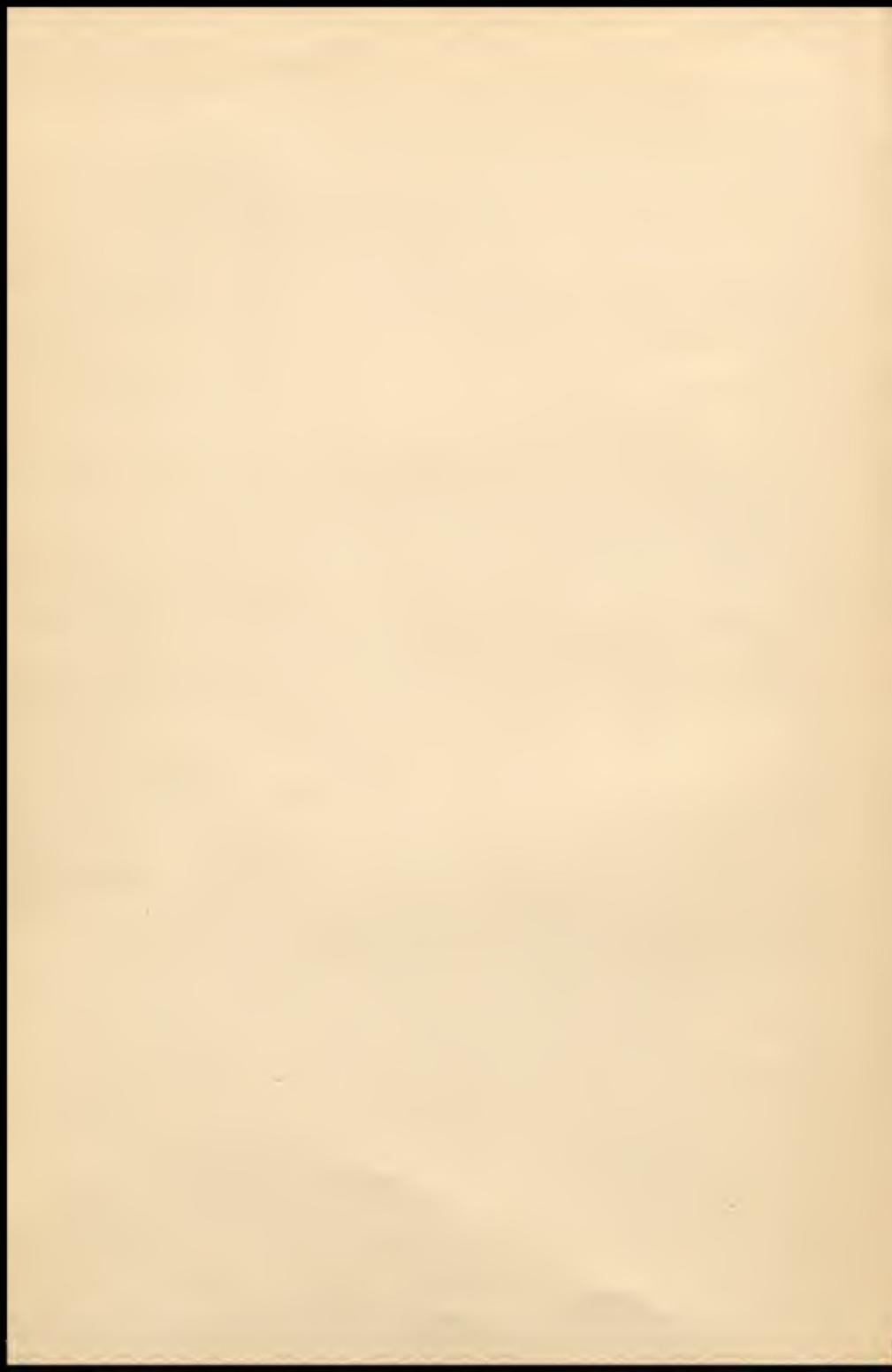




The Gatler











The
Catler



To the memory of Abraham Lincoln, who
saved a nation, emancipated a race, and
"forgot himself into immortality," this
book is dedicated by the Class of 1910

Foreword



IT IS the purpose of THE TATLER not only to preserve a permanent annual record of the life of the Alton High School, but also to direct and stimulate the spirit of our High School community. During the year 1908-1909 our students have felt a new appreciation of the public services of a great man. It is with the hope that loyalty to one of our nation's heroes and patriotism to our country may be fostered that this, the fifth issue of THE TATLER, is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.



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An Estimate of Lincoln's Character.



BRAHAM LINCOLN has doubtless been the subject of more literary composition than any other man of modern times, although there is nothing eccentric or abnormal about him; there were no mysteries in his career to excite curiosity, no doubt as to his purposes and no difference of opinion as to his patriotism or the success of his administration of the government in the most trying period of its existence. Perhaps there is no other man of prominence in American history, or in the history of the human race, whose reputation is more firmly and clearly established, and there is certainly none more beloved and revered, whose character is so well understood, or whose political, moral and intellectual integrity is so fully admitted by his opponents as well as his supporters.

His rise from obscurity to fame and power was almost as sudden and startling as that of Napoleon, for it may be truthfully said that when Lincoln was nominated for the presidency he was an unknown man; he had occupied no important position; he had rendered no great public service; his reputation was that of a debater and politician, and did not become national until he delivered a remarkable speech at Cooper Union, New York. When the American people were approaching the greatest crisis in their history, it was the hand of Providence that turned the loyal people of the North to this plain man of the prairies, and his rugged figure rose before them as though he had been created for their leader.

The higher Lincoln rose the more modest became his manners, the more serene his temper, the more conspicuous his unselfishness, and the more patriotic his motives. With masterful tact and force he assumed responsibilities that made men shudder. He, an humble country lawyer and local politician, suddenly took his place with the world's greatest statesmen, planned and managed the legislation of Congress, proposed financial measures that involved the wealth of the nation, and in the midst of the confusion of war and the clamor of greedy politicians, solved problems that staggered the wisest minds of the nation. The popular story-teller of the cross-roads, the crack debater of the New Salem Literary Club, became an orator of immortal

fame, and the rail-splitter of Sangamon became the most honored and respected man of his generation.

However, there was nothing prepossessing in his personal appearance. He was a very plain man. People called him ugly, but his ugliness was impressive. In all his movements he was as awkward as he was uncouth in appearance, but it was an awkwardness that was often eloquent. He enjoyed jokes at his own expense, and used to appropriate to himself this incident, told of so many ugly men:

"In the days when I used to be on the circuit," he often said, "I was once accosted on the cars by a man who said: 'Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.' 'How is that?' I asked, somewhat astonished. The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This knife,' he said, 'was placed in my hands some years ago with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. Allow me to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.' "

As is well known, Mr. Lincoln's nature sought relief by recalling incidents of a humorous character. Humor was his safety-valve, and when his memory awakened the story sought, there would be a sudden and radical transformation of his features. His face was an impenetrable mask, and people who watched him when a perplexing question was proposed could never tell what was going on in his mind. At times he stood almost transfigured, those with him declaring that his face would light up with a beauty as if it were inspired. In repose it wore an expression of perpetual sadness, which was due to his naturally melancholy temperament, as well as the continual strain and familiarity with the horrors inseparable from war. In his facial expression one could easily detect his sympathy for the sufferings and sorrows of the soldiers, and he seemed to share the grief of broken-hearted mothers whose sons had died in battle. His own career had been one incessant struggle, a ceaseless endeavor, and his tenderness was traceable to impressions thus formed. No man ever occupied a similar position, whose own experience had been so closely paralleled with that of the plain people whom he represented.

His personality gives us an idea of his moral conscientiousness. He was not only concerned in the political questions of the time, but the moral considerations involved in them. He carried his conscience into every discussion, took no position that he did not believe was right, and made no statements that he did not believe fair and true. His natural tenderness, his affectionate disposition, his poetic temperament, his pity for the weak and sorrowful, and his instinctive

love of all that was good, inspired him with a power to touch the hearts of the people as no other man has ever been able to do. He has left us abundant testimony in words and works of his religious creed. He was a man of keen perception of right and wrong. His conscience required him to see his way clearly before making a start, and his rigid honesty would not allow him to make a pretense.

His greatest fault was his inability to suppress his sympathy. He once said: "If I have one vice, it is not being able to say 'No!' Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and encourage insubordination in the army by my reprieves and respite, but it rests me after a hard day's work if I can find some good cause for saving a man's life."

In his eulogy of Lincoln, Emerson says:

"His greatness consisted not in his eloquence as an orator, his shrewdness as a lawyer, nor his executive ability, but in his absolute self-control, his unselfishness, the full maturity of his wisdom, his unwavering honesty, his humanity, his love of country and his faith in the people and in republican institutions. He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day, and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was a man so fitted to the event. In four years—four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources and his magnanimity were sorely tried and never found wanting. Through his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, and his humanity, he stood—a heroic figure in the centre of an heroic epoch."

ALMA R. GREEN, '09.

THE PHYSICS TEACHER.

See the Physics teacher,
With his meter rule;
I wish that he would meet her
In our halls at school.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

"All my study periods are omitted, and I have a test today!"

The Sixth Annual Meet.

HE old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," was never so much appreciated by Alton rooters as at the last Madison County Meet. The third trial proved a charm and May 9, 1908, we regained the banner from Granite City, which had held it for two years. The battle was a hard but glorious struggle, in which the red and gray came out victorious.

Phoebus smiled brightly as he appeared over the horizon on the date set for the meet. But even before he arose, the streets about the City Hall contained a few early birds, who were joined soon by about three hundred other rooters for Alton High. Three special cars were chartered to carry our crowd to Collinsville, where the contest was to take place. When the cars left Alton, everyone was in a good humor, singing High School songs, giving yells and toasts to our participants and to the school, and, in short, we were feeling quite gay; beautiful banners and pennants fluttered out the windows, while many a farmer that we passed, plowing in the field, held his horses somewhat tightly as he watched us out of sight, and said, "Wonder w'ats all the row about?" We made things quite exciting while passing through Edwardsville, and led the rooters of that city a merry chase from there to Collinsville, as our car went first.

Upon reaching the town the greater part of the crowd went to the opera house, where the intellectual contest was held, while our athletes went to the best hotel which the city could produce, followed by a crowd of—"don't want to but can't help ourselves"—admirers. The intellectual contest started a few minutes after our arrival and lasted till a few minutes after twelve. Representing Alton were Miss Mayme Coleman, essay; Miss Alice Morris, declamation, and Mr. Lee Hull, oration. We won first in essay and third in oration. Granite City took first in declamation and oration; Edwardsville second in essay and declamation; Collinsville, second in oration and third in essay; Upper Alton, third in essay.

Every one was almost starved and a scramble for a dinner ensued, every person thinking there wasn't enough food in town to satisfy his own appetite.

Owing to the good dinner, and plenty of it too, which every one got, it was necessary for a large part of the visitors to take the car to

the race track, where the athletic contest was to be decided. The track was reached all O.K. by every one however, but, after waiting some time for the contest to commence, the spectators began to get fidgety. It was learned after some time that the delay was caused by the non-arrival of the starter and the gun. Finally, however, the officials decided to run the fifty yard dash without either, a fact which may account for Goudie's not getting a gold medal. Varnum, of Granite City, took first place; Welsh, of Collinsville, second, and Goudie, third. Time, five and four-fifths seconds.

Bohn, of Edwardsville, heaved the shot forty feet, five inches; Harrison, of Collinsville, took second, and Bristow third place. He heaved it thirty-six feet, nine inches, which was farther than he had ever thrown it before.

The quarter mile run came next. Everybody literally went up in the air to see Allen leave his competitors so far behind, some thinking they were quitting, but they were doing their best. Allen made the run in fifty-five seconds. Case, of Granite City, took second place, while Lowry, of Upper Alton, took third.

It was feared a new world's record would be made, owing to the agility with which Taylor cleared the bar. He cleared it at nine feet, two inches. Griffey, of Upper Alton, and Stolze, of Edwardsville, tied for second place.

By this time the starter had arrived, and the hundred yard dash was called. Goudie was set back a yard, having tried to beat the gun. It was thought that he took first place anyway, but, when Granite contested, the judges gave Varnum first place, and second to Goudie.

It appeared as though Enos had wings in the standing broad. He sailed through the air and jumped nine feet, four and three-fourths inches. Stolze, of Edwardsville, came second and Spindler, of Highland, third.

Allen's collection of gold medals was increased in the hundred and twenty yard low hurdle. Dippold, of Edwardsville, came in second after Allen, while Griffey, of Upper Alton, and champion of Madison, tied for third place. The time was fifteen and three-fifths seconds.

In the running high jump Kreider, of Collinsville, won first place; Campbell, of Upper Alton, and Stolze, of Edwardsville, tied for second. Height sixty-three inches.

The half mile was run "neck and neck" over the entire course by our man Enos and Case, of Granite City. At the finish Enos made a leap at the tape, but missed and fell under it, while Case managed to reach it. Eaton, of Edwardsville, took third. Time two minutes, seventeen and one-fifth seconds.

Goudie's time of twenty-three and two-fifths seconds for the two-twenty yard dash made a new record for Madison county. Dial, of Granite City, came in second, and Coulter, of Upper Alton, third.

Varnum, of Granite City, won first place in the running broad jump by beating Enos a quarter of an inch. Proctor, of Edwardsville, took third place, the distance jumped being nineteen feet, eight and one-fourth inches.

The final event, the relay race, was called just as the sun was setting. Our men knew that, if they won this, they would obtain the banner and relay cup. They also recognized that, if they failed, they had lost the day. Every man did his part, and Goudie gained about fifteen feet on his competitors, a gain which gave that much of a start to Enos. Enos and Herb both increased the distance a few feet and Allen brought in the home stretch with a good lead in spite of the pain in his side.

Well, we are quite proud of the banner and the cup. As the M. C. H. S. A. is now disbanded, we expect to keep them both until it is reorganized.

JOS. F. WRIGHT, '10.

OFFICIAL SCORE.

Intellectual.	Athletic.
Alton..... 6	Alton..... 41
Granite City..... 10	Granite City..... 29
Edwardsville..... 6	Edwardsville..... 26
Collinsville..... 4	Collinsville..... 7
Upper Alton..... 1	

EVENTS AND FINAL SCORE.

Intellectual.

Essay.

Alton, first
Edwardsville, second
Collinsville, third

Oration.

Granite City, first
Collinsville, second
Alton, third

Declamation.

Granite City, first
Edwardsville, second
Upper Alton, third

Athletic Events.

1. 50 Yard Dash.

Time 5 4.5 seconds.

1. Varnum, Granite City
2. Welsh, Collinsville
3. Goudie, Alton

2. Shot Put.

Distance 40 ft. 5 in.

1. Bohn, Edwardsville
2. Harrison, Collinsville
3. Bristow, Alton

3. 440 Yard Dash.

Time 55 seconds.

1. Allen, Alton
2. Case, Granite City
3. Lowry, Upper Alton

4. Pole Vault.

Height 9 ft. 2 in.

1. Taylor, Alton
2. Stolze, Edwardsville { Tied
Griffey, Upper Alton } Tied

5. 100 Yard Dash.

Time 10 4.5 seconds.

1. Varnum, Granite City
2. Goudie, Alton
3. -----

6. Standing Broad Jump.

Distance 9 ft. 4½ in.

1. Enos, Alton
2. Stolze, Edwardsville
3. Spindler, Highland

7. 120 Yard Hurdles.

Time 15 3.5 seconds.

1. Allen, Alton
2. Dippold, Edwardsville
3. { Champion Madison. } Tied
{ Griffey, Upper Alton }

8. Running High Jump.

Height 63 inches.

1. Kreider, Collinsville
2. Stolze, Edwardsville
3. Campbell, Upper Alton

9. 880 Yard Run.

Time 2:17 1.5.

1. Case, Granite City
2. Enos, Alton
3. Eaton, Edwardsville.

10. 220 Yard Dash.

Time 23 2.5 seconds.

1. Goudie, Alton
2. Dial, Granite City
3. Coulter, Upper Alton

11. Running Broad Jump.

Distance 19 ft. 8¾ in.

1. Varnum, Granite City
2. Enos, Alton
3. Proctor, Edwardsville

12. Relay Race.

1. Alton
 - (a) Goudie
 - (b) Enos
 - (c) Herb
 - (d) Allen.

Total and Final Score.

Alton	47	Collinsville	11
Granite City	39	Upper Alton	9
Edwardsville	26	Highland	1
		Madison	1



The Debating Team

Juno S. Coleman

Clark Wells, *Captain*

Fred McPike

Alton and E. St. Louis Debate.

HE debate between the Alton and East St. Louis High Schools took place in the East St. Louis High School Auditorium on March 5th. The visitors from Alton chartered an interurban car and had a jolly time, both coming and going. The occasion was of great importance to us, as our team had never appeared in public debate before, while our opponents had won several contests. The question was: *Resolved*, That the Municipalities of the U. S. Should Own and Operate Their Public Utilities.

Coleman, our first speaker, gave the outline to be followed by our team and set forth in a clear and forceful manner the practical value of municipal ownership. When Bernard, the first speaker of the negative, came forth, all were astonished by his oratory: it could not be denied that he could speak, but he could also make "Much Ado about Nothing." Then came McPike, who gave his unembellished truths on the economical value of public ownership in such an emphatic and logical way that we rapidly gained ground. Brockmeyer, the second speaker of the negative, had some points on paper, and with the aid of charts he tried to make an impression, but expression failed him, and he became discouraged. He left the floor to

our third speaker. Wells, our captain, had a thorough knowledge of his subject and put his arguments with such ease and skill that the negative lost all hope, as one of the speakers afterward confessed. Chartrand then ran upon the floor as the last speaker on the home team. In spite of his excited manner and his book-throwing, he made some good points. After Wells had returned the books, which had been previously hurled, he gave his rebuttal, in which he answered every argument brought up by the negative.

When the judges' decision was read, all present but two of the judges were astonished to find that it read in favor of the negative. It may be said without partiality that we won the debate, while East St. Louis received the decision.

The team owes much to Mr. Kraft and the teachers who assisted in preparing for the debate. A. E. B., '10.

A Student's Soliloquy.

To pass, or not to pass,—that is the question :
Whether 'tis better to make good
And thus escape without examination,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by idling flunk. To rest,—to sleep,—
Ay, there's the rub ; for in that sleep,
Whilst dreaming of ways class flags to raise
Without incurring faculty displeasure.
Thy neighbor will thee sore disturb
With pin or other weapon. Or perchance
A teacher will perplex thy rest
With timely question or reproof,
Which thou art sure is undeserved.
But when thy grades are low,
What charm can win them back ?
What of reports, demerits or V. P.'s ?
What wilt thou say to father
When he, adjusting spectacles,
Views thy report with disapproving eye,
And thou with trembling knees,
Swear that the teachers bear a grudge.
Oh, what a monthly trial is this !

And e'en, if safe through this vast sea
Of brain-fatiguing difficulties,
The "E" appears upon report,
What credit comes? Nay rather,
Think of the sympathy escaped,
Which would console thee hadst thou failed.

MARTIN BRISTOW, '09.

To a Candy Hand.

O hand! thou sugar hand, of color red,
Ambrosia sweet, to me in thought return!
My muse, not yet evoked by Grecian urn,
On thought of thee my passions deep has feed.

With thee I first acquaintance made in school,
Where thou upon a pupil's desk repos'd,
Within thee, a source of pleasing taste enclosed,
And I did think the boy was much a fool.

Who oft with lust and greed did feast on thee,
Till I one day thy powers was bold to test;
Then was it I did find confection best.
The opium eater's joy is naught for me,

Nor e'en the reveler's sparkling cup of wine,
But thou, O hand, dost inspiration give.
Again in thought with me thou still dost live,
I grasp thee, cherish thee, O hand divine.

Far stronger than Minerva's power thou art,
For thou defendest me from the foes that lurk
Among the ponderous books o'er which I work,
A present aid, grave wisdom to impart.

In beauty thou'rt supreme. Each curving line
Surpasses art of Michelangelo;
Thy form, thy tint, thy grace have taught to grow
In me a love of art, for which I pine.

No fitting words have I at my command
Thy merits to prove; thou didst befriend me
When in need, so henceforth I'll commend thee
To careworn student, O thou candy hand.

C. H., '11.

Alton High School.

Class of 1908.

Class Day Program, June 11th, at 2:00 p.m.

Piano Duet	Helen Chapman, Frieda Perrin
Class History	Dorothy Blair
Oration, "The Supremacy of the Pacific"	Lee Hull
Piano Solo, "The Last Hope"	Nettie Elble
Recitation, "How Dot Heard the Messiah"	Helen Chapman
Class Poem	Emily Hoppe
Song, "Heigh Ho! Pretty Maids"	Warner
Senior Quartette	
Mildred Gwinner	Emily Hoppe
Lorena Bauer	Pauline Tonsor
Recitation, "Wee Willie Winkie"	Grace Shelton
Class Prophecy,	Kathryn Hannahan
Song, "Ching-a-ling"	High School Glee Club
President's Address	Richard Sparks
Music	High School Orchestra

Class of 1908.

Commencement Exercises of the Alton High School, at
the High School Auditorium.

Friday, June 12th, at 10:00 a.m.

Music, "Marche aus Flambeaux" *Clark*
High School Orchestra.

Invocation Rev. R. P. Hammons

Music, "A Spring Song" *Pinsuti*
High School Chorus.

Salutatory Sara Blanche Elizabeth Cartwright

Vocal Solo Marie Mathilda Luer

Address, "The Torchbearer of the Middle Ages" Rev. D. E. Fox

Music, "A Twilight Revel" *Feraris Elliott*

Senior Quartette

Mildred Emily Gwinner	Emma Magdalene Hoppe
Lorena Julia Bauer	Pauline Violet Tonsor

Valedictory Frieda Grace Perrin

Presentation of Diplomas, by J. A. Cousley,
President of the Board of Education.

Music, "Spring Song" *Mendelssohn*
High School Chorus.

Benediction

Class Roll.

Stanley Everts Allen,	Emily Magdalene Hoppe,
Lorena Julia Bauer,	Lee Allen Hull,
Alice Allmeda Vesta Bauer,	Henry Harrison Kuhn,
Harvey Wilmot Black,	Marie Mathilda Luer,
Dorothy Lillian Blair,	Jacob Samuel Lipsky,
Sara Blanche Elizabeth Cartwright,	Leonora Alice McCrea,
Helen Mildred Chapman,	Mamie Elizabeth Nixon,
Lulu Mary Coyle,	Victor Hubert Nutter,
Florence Dawson,	Aurelia Obermueller,
Henrietta Catherine Elble,	Frieda Grace Perrin,
Louis Henry Enos,	Anna Catherine Raith,
Margaret Ellen Gallagher,	Lillian Celestine Rice,
Nina Marguerite Gaskins,	Vivian Susan Rice,
Herbert Harrison Gill,	Alex. Peter Robertson,
Harry Franklin Goudie,	Grace Bellrette Shelton,
Helen Elizabeth Green,	Richard Davenport Sparks,
Nellie Mae Green,	Thomas George Stanton,
Mildred Emily Gwinner,	Marcus Prevost Taylor,
Kathryn Christine Hannahan,	Gertrude Mae Temme,
Henry John Harms,	Pauline Violet Tonsor,
Lillian Nina Hazelton,	Minnie Vogel,
Harrison Blaine Herb,	Celine Edith Webb,
	Leila Picard Witt.

Motto: "We climb by the ladder we build."



High Honor Roll.

Second Semester, 1907-8.

Requirement: No grade below excellent, and no demerits.

Edith Browne,	Edna Smith,
Olelie Fredeking,	Frances Harris,
Gladys Fuller,	Angelica Kauffman,
Florence Harris,	Cora Wuerker,
Dorothy Browne,	Gertrude Kelsey,
Carl Hartmann,	John Ryrie.

Honor Roll.

Blanche Cartwright,	Harry Kuhn,
Lee Hull,	Frieda Perrin,
	Anna Raith,
Martin Bristow,	Lela Logan,
Mayme Coleman,	Lillian Marsh,
Mary Ellison,	Johanna Masel,
Alma Green,	Hortense Rodgers,
Kathaleen Heskett,	Verna Warner,
Hanna Kranz,	Tilton Wead,
Dorothy Dorsey,	George Powell,
Harriet Forbes,	Groves Smith,
Mabel Neff,	Josephine Webb,
Myrtle Boals,	Lulu Feldwisch,
May Foreman,	Frederick Norton,
Grace Bisland,	Frieda Koch,
Elsie Dawson,	Martha Stanley,
Flora Glen,	Edith Tonsor,
Matilda Yager.	

High Honor Roll.

First Semester, 1908-9.

Requirement: No grade below excellent, and no demerits.

Mayme Coleman,	Hannah Kranz,
Alma Green,	Hortense Rodgers,
	Lela Logan,
Edith Browne,	Edna Smith,
Gladys Fuller,	
Angelica Kauffman,	Ruth McHolland,
Gertrude Kelsey,	Carl Hartmann,
Leila Bauer,	Ethel Waltrip,
	Elizabeth Dorman.

Honor Roll.

Requirement: No grade below 85, and not more than three demerits.

Martin Bristow,	Nellie Mottaz,
Kathaleen Heskett,	Leland Osborn,
Wm. Levis,	Lauretta Paul,
Viola Loarts,	Florence Steiner,
Hallie Mae Logan,	Verna Warner,
Philomene Marum,	Tilton Wead,
Alice Morris,	James Wilson,
Hoyt Cox,	Winfrey Gregory,
Dorothy Dorsey,	Cordelia Stutz,
George Powell,	Florence Weindel,
Myrtle Boals,	Frances Harris,
Dorothy Browne,	Irene Ruddy,
Joseph McMullen,	Julia Thorn,
Frieda Koch,	
Walter Burns,	Thomas Haycraft,
Madeline Gervig,	Frances Hurlbutt,
Mabel Hammons,	Winifred Johnson,
	Cora Pile.

The Fall.

What notable person is this drawing near,
Whose haughty demeanor inspires with fear?
Who, to his inferiors, will not unbend—
Ah no, 'tis beneath him to so condescend.

His long ribbon streamers afloat in the breeze,
Proclaim him an eighth grader, if you please.
A proud, conscious subject of all school talk,
And truthfully speaking, "a cock of the walk."

But—who is this meek, humble child we have here,
Who really shudders when one draws near,
To whom every teacher's an ogre to dread,
And who can't distinguish his feet from his head?

His woebegone look and his actions so nervous,
Show him a Freshie, at your service.
His stammering questions when seeking your aid
Inspire to pity, he seems so afraid.

As he thanks you, and raises his eyes from the floor,
You start : you have certainly seen him before.
Ah, the eighth grader with meek face and form !
Then a beautiful butterfly, but now—a worm.

C. W., '09.

The Old Back Stairs.

The old back stairs that wind around
Are dark and twisted and full of snares ;
'Twas thus that pupils who here were found
Were often caught on them unawares.

A slip, a shriek, and several bumps,
Then at the bottom the noise would stop,
And while recovering from the thumps
The pupil's tears did gently drop.

"Practice makes perfect," is a proverb you know,
Also "Experience's a teacher sound ;"
So now we trip the fantastic toe
On the old back stairs that wind around.

The Piasa Quill.



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News,	Martin Bristow, '09
Art,	B. Eunice Lavenue, '10
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Alumni,	Miss Carrie Rich

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Third Assistant,	Bert Henney, '12

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B. C. Richardson,	J. H. Kraft
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THE FOREST.

(FIRST PRIZE.)

In the hot and sultry evening
When the sun is setting low,
And the work of day is over,
To thy coolest shade I go.
There with ever lengthening shadows
Stand thy giant oaks so old,
And beyond, I see the meadows
Turned by sunlight into gold.
Standing dark against the sky-light,
All beneath is coolest shade,
Rise thy verdant elms and beeches
Which the power of God hath made.
Here I sit in greatest comfort,
And the soft winds sigh above,
While the beauty of this forest
Tells me of His mighty love.

JULIUS MEISENHEIMER, '10.

NATURE'S BALM.

(FIRST PRIZE.)

O wanderer, from beaten path now turn aside
Into the wood where purple violets hide,
And cowslips and the clinging ivy grow,
With jack-a-pulpits nodding in a row,

Expressing quaint surprise at double-daisies odd;
Then will we under sylvan shadows lie
To see the flames of fiery sunlight die,
And now the tenderest twittering of the wren
Breaks forth anew and fills the mossy glen

With sweetest music; 'tis the voice of God.

A JUNIOR.

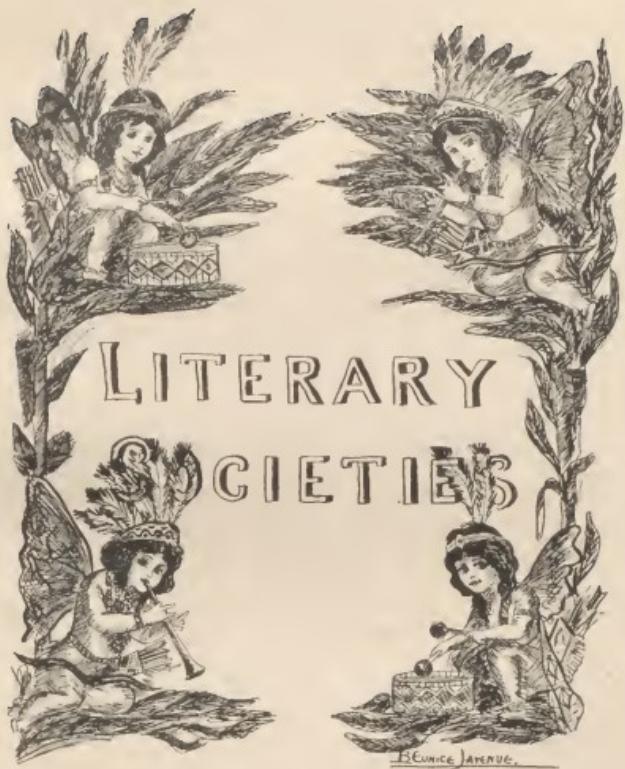
THE FOREST.

(SECOND PRIZE.)

Broken limb and shattered bough
Tell of thy yesterdays,
Tell of a time when thou stoodst alone,
Mighty in all thy ways;
Trackless stretches of timber land
Cool in the summer's heat,
Breathe of a time when a savage band
Sought out thy cool retreat.

Branching limb and blended bough
Tell of thy present days,
Tell of a time when thou dost atone
For acts of thy former ways,
Traversed stretches of timber land
Trodden by lovers' feet
Tell of a time when a civil band
Seek out thy cool retreat.

LOUIS WALTER, '10.



Blanche Jaremne.

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THE CONTEST.

On the night of January 26th the tribes of the Illini and Pushmataha met for a second time on their common hunting ground to hold a great council. In spite of the fact that both tribes came decked in war paint and feathers, the Illini in red and white, the Pushmataha in blue and white, the contest was one of a friendly nature. It was not a meeting merely for pleasure, however, for a question of vital importance was to be decided by the most famous orators of the united tribes, "Whether the Advantages of Private Ownership of Public Utilities Are Greater than Those of Municipal Ownership." As a token of good will between the Indians a beautiful Indian maid sang "O Happy Day." Johanna Masel, Kathaleen Heskett and William Levis, representing the side of the red and white, James Coleman, Mayme Coleman and Clark Wells, the side of the blue and white, all chosen on account of their reputation for eloquence, took the places of honor within view and hearing of both tribes after Chief Richardson, entrusted with his high position because of his renowned wisdom, had gravely announced that the speeches would begin. The tribes were very much impressed with Johanna's harangue, her own people whooping their approval. The speakers in turn spoke majestically to the assembly, each receiving great applause. But Clark's eloquent appeals to their sense of justice and right, and his grand gestures turned the tide of victory to the Pushmatahas. While the two tribes waited breathless and expectant for their great sachems to decide the question, the orchestra engaged in a pow-wow. On learning that the sachems had decided in favor of the Pushmatahas, the assembly broke up, each tribe returning to its own home.

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“The Three Chauffeurs.”

The cast of the Junior play given by the Class of '09 at
Spalding Auditorium, June 10, 1908:

Mr. Lorry Spencer, host.	Walter Smith
Kitty Kennedy, minicking girl and one of the three chauffeurs,	Alice Morris
Mrs. Spencer, mother of Mr. Spencer,	Mayme Coleman
Mrs. Lorry Spencer, hostess,	Hallie Mae Logan
Melindy Pike,	Fern Oulson
Betty Marshall, the sentimental girl,	Wilma Pierce
Lois Drummond, the girl with the fad,	Maude Ballenger
Jane Armstrong, the hungry girl,	Jaclyn Argo
Lucille Beverley, the college girl,	Kathaleen Heskett
Minta Morris, the primping girl,	Myrtle Volz
Eugenia Allen, the giggling girl,	Lela Logan
Mary Smith, the practical girl,	Mamie Kelsey
Patience Primrose, the studious girl,	Lauretta Paul
Beverly Churchill, officer of the U. S. Navy,	Kirk Mook
Virginia Page, the pianist,	Verna Warner
Annie, the maid,	Tilton Wead
Norah, the cook,	Mary Ellison
Marvin Hunter, a chauffeur,	Nelson Schweppe

“The Princess.”

The cast of the Junior play given by the Class of '10 at
Spalding Auditorium, April 16, 1909:

Princess Ida,	Florence Weindel
Lady Psyche,]	Instructors at the			{	Estelle Magee
Lady Blanche,]	University,				Josephine Waldrip
Melissa, daughter of Lady Blanche,	Angelica Kauffmann
Violet, a pupil, daughter of Ipse,	Josephine Webb
Lady Maud, assistant instructor,	Elizabeth Johnstone
The Prince,	Joseph Degenhardt
Florian, his friend, and brother to Psyche,	Joseph Wright
Cyril, friend to the Prince and Florian,	Elliott F. Taylor
Gama, King, and father to Ida,	James Coleman
Ipse, Nobleman in Gama's Court,	Elden Betts
Attendant in Court,	Louis Walters
Pages,	{ Elliott S. Taylor Rex Gary

PUPILS.

Rhea Curdie,	Ida Getsinger,
Emily Hoefert,	Laura Diez,
Helen Holl,	Cora Wuerker,
Eva Lavenue,	Mabel Coyle,
Ruth Moran,	Lulu Feldwisch,
Myrtle Boals,	Hilda Steiner,
Bessie Hamilton,	Harriet Forbes.

The Princess.

On Friday evening, April 17, at Spalding Auditorium, the Junior Class came forth "into the limelight" and gave to a crowded house a dramatization of Tennyson's "The Princess." From the rising of the curtain in the first act through the seven somewhat long scenes, the audience was eager and delighted. So earnestly and naturally was each role enacted that one could scarcely detect that the actors were mere amateurs behind the footlights. Especially in the Prince's earnest appeals, the calm authority of the high-minded Princess, in Lady Blanche's soliloquy, the feminine charm of Lady Psyche, the conscientious Melissa, the Prince's loyal friend, Florian, and Cyril's joviality was this lack of stage fright and nervousness noticeable. Interspersed with the many beautiful passages from Tennyson were the equally beautiful songs, "Sweet and Low," "The Bugle Song," "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," "Tears, Idle Tears," and Bartlett's "A Dream." The drill by the girls was one of the most effective features of the play, while the color scheme, besides displaying the class colors, was pretty and harmonious. The costumes worn by the prominent actors were furnished by Fueger, of St. Louis, and added splendor to the setting. The Juniors are to be congratulated on the large financial receipts, which are to be used for *The Tatler*. Much credit is due to Miss Bixler for her painstaking and efficient work in drilling the Juniors in such a difficult drama as "The Princess," and to Miss Naylor, who had charge of the business management.

The Cast of "The Princess."





Officers of "Der Deutsche Verein."

President,	Frances Fechner.
Vice-President,	Myrtle Volz.
Secretary,	Hortense Rodgers.
Treasurer,	Groves Smith.

A new and most enjoyable feature of High School life is the addition of a German society, or "Der Deutsche Verein." This was first started late in November, and has been a success from the very beginning. Its purpose is to obtain a more extensive knowledge of the German language, both colloquial and literary. Membership is offered to all pupils who have had at least one year of German, and is continued after graduation. At the meetings, which are held in Room 8 on each alternate Wednesday at 7:30, all business and programs are carried on in German. These programs have proved to be highly interesting, for at each meeting a well-known author has been selected, and both his life and works are studied. The numbers on the program usually consist of several recitations from the writings of the poet selected for the evening, a few German songs and a short biography in English by some pupil, after which Miss Ferguson or Miss Hutchinson gives an interesting talk on the life of the man chosen for study, giving a summary in German. It has been customary to close the program with our own national hymn. An attempt is made to carry on conversation in German with beneficial as well as amusing results. The programs have followed this order: Heine, Christmas program, Schiller, Goethe, Ruckert, Uhland and Freiligrath.

Völkerwanderung.



HR habt wohl schon alle von der Völkerwanderung gehört: wie die barbarischen Völker aus dem Norden und Osten nach Süden und Westen gezogen kamen und alles vor sich trieben. "Die Geschichte wiederholt sich" und in der Altoner High School geht die Völkerwanderung noch fort. Es wohnen in dieser Schule vier Völker, die Unwissenden, die Allwissenden, die Dünkelhaften, und die Weisen. Das erste Volk wohnt in dunklen, kalten nördlichen Teil des Landes und die Eingeborenen sind sehr barbarisch und wild. Wenn ein Fremder in ihr Land eintritt, den starren sie mit grossen Augen an. Sehr unhöflich sind diese Unwissenden!

Nun aber geschah es einmal, dass die klügsten dieses Stammes ehrgeizig wurden: sie überfielen das Land der Allwissenden, das südlich von ihnen lag, und liessen sich darin nieder, denn das Land war warm und sonnig, viel schöner als ihre alte Heimat. Allmählich wurden sie freundlicher und gebildeter im Aussehen und in Sitten. Immer stärker wurden sie auch, und bald besetzten sie eine angrenzende Provinz, die "Bibliothek" hieß. Jetzt wurden sie sehr stolz und benannten sich bei dem griechischen Namen "Sophomores," obgleich keiner von ihnen das Griechische verstand!

Aber Hochmut kommt immer vor dem Fall. Ein neues Heer der Heiden kam aus dem Norden und trieb die armen "Sophomores" aus ihrem schönen, sonnigen Land nach kahlem Norden zurück, wo sie mit einem ungeschliffenen Stamm, der "die Dünkelhaften" hieß, wohnen mussten; wenn Unkund' ein Glück ist, so ist dieses Volk am glücklichsten. Unter solchen Menschen mussten die armen Wanderer sich mischen, und da böse Beispiele gute Sitten verderben, wurden sie wieder dumm und beschränkt: immer aber sehnten sie nach "den sonnigen Weiden" des Südens.

Endlich entdeckten einige kühnere Gesellen ein wunderliches Land im fernen Süden, das grösste und schönste auf Erden. Man wählte einen Kommandant, rüstete die Armee, und nach mehreren Monaten war alles fertig. Die Trägen und die Feiglinge blieben zurück, denn man ahnte einen starken Widerstand. An einem schönen Morgen im September zog das grosse Heer über die Grenze; aber zu ihrem Erstaunen fanden sie, dass alle Einwohner des gelobten Landes es schon verlassen hatten, um auf einen hohen Berg mit

Namen "Platform" zu steigen. Die Einwanderer siedelten sich daher sorgenfrei in das wunderschöne Land ein, und wurden bald so klug, dass sie von allen Völkern "die Weisen" genannt wurden. Und mit gutem Recht; denn was ein "Weiser" nicht weiss, ist des Wissens nicht wert. Und sie haben noch den echten Forschergeist. Gerade an der Grenze ihres jetzigen Reiches ragt der steile Berg "Platform." Immer schauen sie ihn an. "Was liegt dahinter?" fragen sie. "Ist's möglich, ihn zu übersteigen? Wie geht's mit unseren Vorgängern?" Wie ich glaube, bald fangt eine neue Wanderung an.

FRANCES FECHNER.

To Euterpe.

Oh venture, Muse, and come to me;
I must write a poem for English 3,
Into the depths my soul doth sink;
I've covered my face and hands with ink:
O gracious Muse, inspire me!

O Euterpe, I call on thee,
For just a verse of poetry,
To appease my teacher's mind,
That in marking she may be kind.
O heartless Muse, I pray thee!

Then Muse, if thou wilt only come,
And with rhyme my teacher woo,
So that in English I'll get through,
To thee, O Muse, I'll ever sing
To Euterpe, my laurels bring.

Those Pumpkin Pies.

When Mr. Watson desird to know
If pumpkins did on her farm grow,
Nina Cartwright of whom he made this inquiry,
Replied, "We have pumpkins until we are weary."
Next day to prove this assertion was true
She brought him a pumpkin pie or two.
And when he ate those lovely pies,
He thought them worthy of a prize.

The Stirling Diamonds.

WHEN King Henry and Queen Catherine were rulers over Merry England, Lady Mary Hampton was a great court favorite. Her beauty and charming personality attracted many suitors, but none ever received her favor except Richard Stirling, the son of a wealthy landowner in North England. Of course a union between this young couple was not to be thought of by her relatives. Did not the bluest blood of England flow in Lady Mary's veins? And Richard Stirling was only a commoner.

One day in a fit of desperation Richard Stirling enlisted in the English army. To his great delight he was immediately sent to the front. His reckless daring was the usual theme of conversation about the evening camp fires. He never joined his comrades in camp; the only time he seemed to show any animation was when preparing for battle. It was at Flodden Field that he especially distinguished himself. At the front of the battle, when the British seemed destined to ill luck, the royal standard was taken by the Scots. This defeat discouraged many of the men, but to Richard Stirling it seemed to be only a demand for greater bravery. With the cry, "For England's Sake!" he rushed forward, causing his men to follow after him. Their attack was successful, and England's standard was brought back to the English ranks in Richard Stirling's hands. When cheer after cheer rang through the field, the men fought with renewed vigor. The close of battle found the British successful, and ten thousand Scots lay dead on Flodden Field. The English general, the Earl of Surrey, took care that the King heard of Richard's bravery, and, when the hero returned to England, he was knighted.

Thus were the objections removed, and Lady Mary Hampton was permitted to bestow her hand upon Sir Richard Stirling. Their wedding, which was not a pretentious affair, was celebrated very quietly in a London chapel, but the royal couple honored them with their presence. It is needless to say that their most precious wedding



Lady Mary.

present was that from the King and Queen—a matchless diamond necklace for the bride.

This young couple prospered, for what young couple would not when England's King had craved a blessing for them? And this was the beginning of the famous house of Stirling, which has always been England's friend in time of need. Three daughters came to brighten this home. When the eldest, Lady Jane, was married, one of her wedding presents was her mother's diamond necklace. She, in time, presented the stones to her daughter at her wedding. Thus it became traditional that the necklace became the possession of the daughter of the house first married.

Lady Anne Worth, Lady Jane's great-great-grand-daughter, had two daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. Her children were her sole interest in life, as her husband had died when Dorothy was quite small. Dorothy was a year younger than Margaret and had a much sunnier disposition; Margaret was reserved and dignified, while her sister was the exact opposite. Naturally, the latter was the greater social favorite, although Margaret, who was a student, was very interesting in conversation. As Lady Dorothy's wedding was to take place in about two weeks, preparations for the event were going on rapidly. One day Lady Worth and her daughters were walking in the park when, turning to Dorothy, she said :

"And soon, my dear, you will be the possessor of the Stirling diamonds!"

"Oh, mother!" said Margaret, "do you think that is fair? Should I not have them?"

"Your marriage, Margaret, is not to take place for several months. You know the necklace is for the daughter first married."

"Might it not mean the eldest daughter of the house? It has always been so before."

"It has always chanced that the eldest was first married, my daughter."

The conversation ceased here, and matters were left in this way.

A few days later the family were grief-stricken by the sudden death of Lady Worth. This caused preparations for the wedding to cease, and it was celebrated very quietly. Afterward a search was made among the family jewels and all the household treasures, but the Stirling diamonds could not be found. Lady Margaret searched as diligently as her sister, but all to no avail. A coolness grew between the sisters, because Lady Margaret knew that her sister sincerely

believed that she could explain the disappearance of the necklace. She never said so exactly, and Lady Margaret was too proud to broach the subject.

When Lady Margaret Worth was married to Hugh Wayne, a wealthy London attorney, a few months later, the family home was broken; furniture was divided and the estate was sold. Thereafter when the sisters met in public, they were formally polite to each other; they invited each other to their social functions, but beyond that, sisterly relations did not exist.

* * *



"Her eyes were dazzled by the Sterling diamonds."

Doris Wayne was tired and discontented. The rainy day prevented her from taking her usual drive, and books and music grew tiresome after a while.

"I'll explore the attic!" This seemed a good way to while away the gloomy day, so obtaining a bunch of keys from her mother, she soon ascended the attic stairs. The place was not very inviting, as it was too large for one room; one couldn't exactly explain those gloomy shadows in the corners. The wind, too, sounded very lonely

when the shutters rattled and it whistled through the window casings. Trying to dismiss these gloomy reflections Doris soon busied herself with the trunks. There was her grandmother's first ball dress. The shimmering satin was a little stained with age, and the old-fashioned bodice looked very strange to Doris' twentieth century eyes. There were other handsome costumes there, too, but she soon locked the trunk. They would have been interesting at another time, but a spirit of unrest seemed to possess her to-day. Over in the corner behind two large chests was a small mahogany escritoire. It was battered and scratched now, but had once been a handsome article of furniture. "I want to see that. I wonder whose it was! I suppose I want to see it because it will take all the afternoon to get to it."

She persevered, however, and after several efforts reached the desk. After some trouble she managed to fit a key, and the lid opened.

"Just as I expected!" she exclaimed aloud, disgustedly. "There's nothing here. All I have discovered is that this was great grandmother's desk, and this is her invitation."

She opened and closed the tiny drawers and found nothing except an invitation and several sheets of old-fashioned stationery. Closing one of the drawers with an impatient snap, she was surprised to see a very small drawer push out from beneath it. Here was a satin-covered case. Catching it up, she unclasped it, and her eyes were dazzled by the Stirling diamonds.

She ran to her mother with her discovery, and was almost alarmed to see that the stately lady burst into tears.

"Where did you find them, Doris?" was all she was able to say.

When Mrs. Wayne heard the explanations, she had the key to the mystery. Her mother had placed the necklace there for safe keeping until Lady Dorothy's wedding. No one knew of the secret drawer, and the diamonds had remained undisturbed all these years.

About an hour later Lady Dorothy Manning was surprised to see her sister descending from a carriage at her door.

"I've brought you your diamonds, Dorothy. They were in mother's escritoire. Doris found them there this afternoon."

She got no further, for the tears long-repressed would come, and a good cry, woman's remedy for many troubles, cleared the mental atmosphere. Neither sister ever told what was said during the next hour, but to-day there are no sisters more closely united than Lady Dorothy Manning and Mrs. Hugh Wayne.

* * * * *

While the Wayne family were seated at breakfast Christmas morning a footman brought a package to Doris. She read the card aloud:

"With Christmas Greetings to Doris, from Aunt Dorothy."

Upon removing the wrappings she found a small satin-covered case. When she unclasped it, she saw the diamond necklace that the King and Queen of England had given Lady Mary Stirling more than three hundred years ago.

GLADYS FULLER, '10.

The Elf King's Lesson.

(APOLOGIES TO POE.)

I.

On the eve of graduation, once, while lost in meditation
O'er the many joys and sorrows lost while in my school years four,
I began a harsh accusing of myself for poorly using
Chances which I now was losing, losing now forever more.
Ah! the pangs I felt while musing, as I ne'er had done before,
Pangs I felt forever more.

II.

But my sad and mournful brooding caused by grievous thoughts
intruding
In my spirit's inner chamber and condemning deeds of yore
Changed to lingering thoughts more cheering of the future that was
nearing :
Why not cease this idle fearing, fearing for the deeds of yore ?
So I soothed my troubled spirits nearing thus to sorrow's door,
"Why repent when all is o'er?"

III.

As I sat in meditation, I soon felt the desolation
Of the deep'ning quiet that the closing evening bore :
And I nodded, nearly napping, when I heard the queerest tapping,
Saw a weird old elf stand tapping, tapping on the polished floor,
Come from some unhallowed shore.

IV.

"Sir," I said, "are you a vision, come upon some awful mission,
Come to haunt me with regret from your unhallowed shore?"
Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, stamped upon the polished floor :
Straightway by some magic power he placed me at a well-known door,
At the very High School's door.

V.

Through the silent hallways sped we, to the office door he led me,
Where a million ghostly shadows danced upon the slippery floor,
And the wicked elf stood gleaming in their midst with all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming, dreaming all his victories o'er;
And his fiery eyes then burning deep into my bosom's core
Left their mark forever more.

VI.

Frightened now almost to madness by the elf's exultant gladness,
Wildly then I asked the meaning of the shadows on the floor,
"These," he roared, "are moments slighted while vain pleasures oft
delighted,
Wrong that was, nor can be righted, 'til you seize them from the
floor,"
And his voice, as it re-echoed through the open office door,
Brought more terror than before.

VII.

Quickly then to work I started ere the echoes had departed,
But alas, the ghostly shadows danced more wildly than before:
Till my brain seemed strangely reeling with a sad oppressive feeling,
And I begged for mercy kneeling, kneeling on the dusty floor
Where I fell a downcast mortal prostrate on the office floor.
When I woke and all was o'er.

VIII.

Still I see those shadows flitting, where the elf king now is sitting.
And his eyes as he sits gloating burn more deeply than before,
Yet I love that elf king dearly, for I now can see more clearly
That the moments passing yearly like the shadows on the floor,
Like the shadows ever flitting swiftly on the office floor
Can be gathered never more.

FERN OULSON, '09.

“Dot’s Vindication.”

“**M**Y! Whatever shall I do? I am simply in the depths of despair, or to use a more elegant expression, according to Christian in ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ I am in the Slough of Despond, with no means of getting out.”

This exceedingly pessimistic remark was made by Dorothy Sanburn, the college “cut up.” Five or six girls were assembled in her room in spite of the alarming sign “Busy” tacked on her door. Somehow the girls had a habit of flocking in there. The room was so cozy and comfortable with its bright-colored pennants adorning the walls, the soft, fluffy sofa pillows arranged invitingly on the roomy couch, the little silver tea kettle humming cheerfully on the fire, the books and trinkets and many other ornaments which delight a girlish heart.

But best of all was Dorothy herself, who reigned like a veritable queen over her little domain, and it is not necessary to say that the girls were her humble followers. Dorothy was pretty, witty, wise, with oft brown eyes and hair that curled too dear for anything, according to the phraseology of one of her devoted admirers.

“Why Dot, what can be the matter now?” asked Patty, her roommate. “Have you gotten into more trouble, you little minx? Really, girls, I will have to put her into the clothes press and mount myself as guard outside to keep her out of mischief.”

Dorothy’s eyes twinkled merrily.

“Patty Allen, who had to stay in the office every night last week for writing notes?”

“I didn’t,” answered Patty, dramatically, with such emphasis on the “I” that everyone laughed.

“Plead guilty, Pat, and we will let you off easily,” suggested Dot.

“He laughs best who laughs last. I guess that applies to me. I’m—guilty,” she added tragically.

“You’re sorry, aren’t you, Patty?” anxiously asked Adel.

“Let me see, how do you conjugate it,—awful, awfuller, awfullest, sounds funny, but I guess that’s right. I am sorry in the superlative degree.”

“Good!” exclaimed the girls in delight.

“Now, let me tell you why, my humble, contrite creature, we asked you,” said Dot. “Simply because we had such an uproariously good time while you were doing penance, and we wanted you and

didn't know where to find you, but now our curiosity is gratified, and by you, a most helpful individual indeed."

"Revenge!" gasped Patty between her teeth. "Dot, let me ask you a question; you said you were in the depths of despair; I suppose you are sentenced to the office for writing notes?" she asked saucily.

"Don't be inquisitive, Patty, it isn't becoming to a young lady," answered Dot loftily.

"How could I have so forgotten the laws of etiquette, barbarian that I am," replied Patty mournfully. Then brightening, "Say, girls, let's all sit down while I make some fudge, and then Dot will tell us incidentally about her misdemeanors."

A sofa pillow fired at her by Dot stopped further speech, but the latter acquiesced however.

"Patty, how are you going to make fudge when there is not a drop of alcohol in this entire room to light the burner?" demanded Dot with a housewifely air.

"Send you for some, I guess," responded Patty, affably.

"Your humble servant," answered Dot with a low bow, "where do you keep it stored, since you are so sure of getting some?"

"In the clothes press, top shelf, left hand back," answered Patty inarticulately, puffing vigorously from grating chocolate.

"The commander-in-chief is issuing orders, I obey," and Dot dived into the clothes press.

She emerged immediately.

"By the way, Patty," she asked, "Were you afraid of exposing it to daylight?"

"Rather. A choice between two evils, you know; I was afraid you would use it all on that freckle of yours."

"Such reproach as falls upon my youthful head!" said Dot submissively.

Patty worked in silence for a moment, then she cried :

"I've burned my finger, it must be nearly off, it hurts so. Dot, give me the arnica."

Dot looked at her gravely, and as a physician diagnoses a case, she began :

"Tell me just how you feel, madam, does it twitch or jerk in your finger, is it hot or cold, is it burned deeply or not?"

"Arnica!" wailed Patty.

"Yes, madam, but arnica is not available, I put it in my hat box; it was a choice between two evils, you know,—daylight one and you

the other. I considered you the greater danger, however, for you would apply it to your scalp to keep your hair from falling out."

"Arnica, Dot, arnica!" cried Patty, beseechingly.

Dot relented and soon bound up the sore finger.

The fudge was finally prepared, tasted by the cook and proclaimed good.

"Now Dot," said Patty, "tell us your tale of woe. A more sympathetic, inspiring, enthusiastic audience you never had, so avail yourself of the opportunity,—that's a dear."

Dot munched her fudge in silence for a few minutes and then began:

"Girls, you can't imagine"—

"Hurrah, she speaks!" interrupted Patty, irreverently.

"Beware, or you will hear her speak more than you would care to hear, if you do not keep still, you little chatterbox," answered Dot.

Patty stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth and put her finger on her lips and sank into silence.

Dot resumed her story:

"Girls, I've got a good notion to leave this institution forever"—

The handkerchief quickly emerged from Patty's mouth.

"Oh Dotty, please don't," beseechingly. "Just couldn't let you, what would I do when that old mouse pays his midnight call and gnaws and gnaws, and how could I get those dreadful 'xamples and things without?"—here speech failed her.

"Don't worry, Patty, I simply couldn't leave you. You'd fall down stairs and hurt yourself or do something equally dreadful; I certainly must stay, if only to take care of you."

Patty looked up gratefully and awaited further revelations.

"Well, girls, third time's the charm. If you felt—if you were treated as I have been—my, I don't know what you would do, and I didn't do anything so terrible, either. Yesterday morning in class Prof. Maxwell asked me to talk on the pyramids, their construction, the builders, the purpose, the present condition and their whole history in fact, and I got up to comply with the request.

"You know, girls, I went to bed at eight o'clock last night and hadn't looked at my history lesson so that when he called on me, I got up unhesitatingly hoping that I might 'bluff' him. I began: 'The pyramids were shaped as the geometrical figure represents them as being, the builders were Egyptians, their purpose was to protect the corpses from marauding parties, and,'—my ingenuity failed me. Here I gazed at the ceiling and the floor in search of an inspiration,

and finally I looked at the Prof. Whew! he had a scowl spreading over his entire countenance, an area of some extent, if I remember correctly. Then he said: 'That will do, Miss Sanburn.' He could have frozen a pond of running water, his tone was of such a frigid zone quality. You know that if there is anything the Prof. hates it is 'bluffing'; but secretly I hoped to escape punishment. My hopes were vain.

"As I was passing out, he said: 'Miss Sanburn, I suppose you were fully prepared on the subject about which you were called upon to recite?' You can't imagine the sarcasm in his voice. That was too much for me. 'Professor,' I said, 'I had all the preparation necessary in my estimation.' 'And how much was that?' he asked. 'According to the laws of hygiene a good night's sleep prepares one better for the conflicts of the next day than poring over books when tired, I decided upon adopting this rule.' 'So that is the way you prepare your lessons for my class,' he growled. 'No, sir,' I answered, 'that is the way I prepared *the* lesson.' 'As a just punishment, Miss Sanburn,' he continued, 'I must ask that you absent yourself from my classes for the rest of this week and hand in an essay of twenty pages on the pyramids.'

"I bowed and said: 'Yes sir.'

"Now what do you think of that? The skating party to-morrow afternoon, the meeting in Adel's room, the chorus practice, and I, what will I be doing? Reading about the pyramids. Think of me, girls, and cheer up my monotonous existence by saving me some refreshments at least. When I finish that essay, twenty pages, think of it, why, then I am going to give a party myself and invite the Prof. to be the guest of honor. Yes, no!"

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed a moment later, "I have it, I'll invite the Prof. and send him into the clothes press after the alcohol, and lock him in for safe keeping, cold storage you know. And while he is in there, I'm going to stand by the door and whisper pyramids through the keyhole until he abhors the very word."

The girls all sighed and mourned over Dorothy's fate, for none of their amusements would be half so entertaining without her. Suddenly Patty cried:

"I have it, I have it. Let's all stay here until twelve to-night and work on Dot's essay. We can put a dark curtain over the transom, and they'll think the lights are out."

"Three cheers for Patty! That's excellent!" they cried. "Put

up the curtain and we'll begin work and surprise the Prof. in the morning."

Encyclopedias were searched, histories perused, and such studious students had never been seen in the school. Each page of information was handed to Dot, who copied it in her best hand. Page after page she wrote, until but five remained, but material was exhausted.

"We've just said everything about those pyramids that was ever written or ever will be written, how can we get five pages more?" asked Patty anxiously.

Suddenly Dot had an idea. "I'm going to say that further information regarding the pyramids has been obtained from Prof. Maxwell, who has recently visited them. He says:—and then go on to tell an imaginative account of the Prof's. visit and how he so fell in love with them that he forced one of his pupils to write an extended account of twenty pages, but of course the dear man could not realize what a difficult task he was imposing upon the poor child, because he could talk for hours upon his pet hobby."

The girls worked upon this thought, and just managed to fill the twenty pages. Dot was in ecstasies.

"Girls, I'll never forget it for the rest of my life. Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, but spare the college girls, that's my sentiments, as Jim says."

"Home sweet home," said Adel. "I'm beginning to feel the need of it, I'm sleepy as,—as a polar bear."

"Taking it for granted that that animal possesses a sleepy disposition," said Patty, undaunted.

"Oh!" said Adel suddenly arousing, "what if one of those horrible teachers should catch us in the corridors at this hour?"

"Tell them," answered Dot, "that you are all somnambulists out walking for your health."

"We'll have to risk it, I guess," she said doubtfully; and they darted out with a hurried good night.

Dot and Patty quickly retired. Patty was almost in slumberland when Dot aroused her.

"Say, Patty, I'm not going to hand in that essay."

"Why," said Patty sleepily, "did we make a mistake?"

"Patty, I just can't sleep when I think about it."

Patty was concerned by this time.

"Why, Dot, child, what is the matter now?"

"That would be cheating, passing it off to the Professor as my work when I didn't do it."

"Why, Dot, you wrote it, that is, with pen and ink. You didn't compose it, of course, but never mind, just put down: Essay—By Dorothy Sanburn and coadjutors."

Dot brightened at the thought.

"That's what I'll do. Oh, you're a bright one, Patty! Aren't you glad we're chums?"

"Rejoiced. Don't worry, Dotty dear. Good night."

The Professor relenting, accepted the essay by Dorothy Sanburn and coadjutors, and what was more, he considered it such an admirable one that he hung it up in his room for the rest of the year.

FRANCES FECHNER, '09.

Lines Written During a Final.

[With Apologies to Longfellow.]

The test is long and hard and dreary ;
I'll fail, for my brain is fagged and weary :
No thoughts still cling to my innocent mind,
And on my report a zero I'll find.
Oh, the test is hard and dreary !

The test is long and hard and dreary !
I missed the fifth—my brain was weary ;
I skipped the seventh, third and first ;
I'd ask my chum for help if I durst.
Oh, school is hard and dreary !

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining !
You'll never pass if you keep on whining :
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
In every test, some one must fall,
Some questions be hard and dreary.

To the Lady from India.

Olt, thou, who for many a weary year
Hath stood in brooding silence here,
Where timely footsteps come and go
Thru the long, dull halls re-echoing low,
Where Knowledge spreads her cultured wings
And to each some learned ditty sings,

A ghastly grin thou dost possess
Unlike worldly beings I confess,
And loosened is thy rattling frame,
A skeleton, as thou art in name,
Doomed to spend thy dragging hours
Within these halls, these tutored bowers.

Perhaps thy grin is a cynical smile
Retained in contempt of us the while
We in thy presence try to solve
Some secret which might thy fame involve,
On which some theory we might base
To solve the origin of our race.

Thou too wert once a living thing
With power to walk and speak and sing
And live a care-free life indeed,
Believer in a sun-adoring creed,
Who blindly worshipped wood and stone
Muttering prayers in mournful tone.

A source of knowledge hast thou been,
As ever thru the school room's din
Thou hung'st upon thy rusting wires
And grinned as one who never tires
Of lessons o'er and o'er oft said,
Theories advanced and long since dead.

But pride hath a fall, so the wise men say,
The truth foretold; for one morn you lay
All stretched in pieces on the floor,
Thy hanging days forever o'er,
A sight one with horror to fill,
The frightened class could scarce sit still.

Now from thy tasks art thou released
To assume the place of one deceased;
To dream of all thy happy hours
Spent within these learned bowers:
To think of our queer student ways
And dream of childhood's happy days.

Louis Walter, '10.

Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities.



N THE long procession of the centuries there has never been a time when ideal conditions regarding equal civic rights have existed. From the dawn of civilization the many have been exploited and oppressed by a select few. Up to comparatively recent times, important measures of state were considered only from the point of view of the king, and of the nobility, and of the wealthy aristocracy; the interests of the common people were utterly ignored. "I am the state," said Louis XIV. "We are the people," was the principle upon which the feudal nobility acted. To-day, the political boss and his party ring strive to perpetuate this condition of government. But the tendency of civic progress is toward the abolition of special privileges, and nations have begun to realize that the best government is that which promotes the greatest good of the greatest number. If the twentieth century fulfills the prophecy of Victor Hugo, if it is a "century of progress, of development and humanity," then out of the injustice of the past must arise the reformation of the future.

One of the most vital movements that will help to bring about this reform era, is that which aims to abolish the system of private ownership of public utilities and to establish in its stead municipal ownership and operation. In its broadest sense, municipal ownership might mean public ownership of any utility, but, in a general usage and in this discussion, it is restricted to the city's ownership of such utilities as "from some inherent quality tend to becoming monopolies." The most important of such natural monopolies in the city are sewerage systems, waterworks, lighting systems and street railways. The question of public ownership of such utilities is by no means a recent one, and is the result of the cry from large cities for utilities supplied to every citizen with efficiency, cheapness and impartiality.

About the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence an industrial revolution began, which spread from continent to continent. It was an era of invention; steam power and labor-saving machines were introduced. Naturally the factory system followed, and this gave rise to the greatest social phenomenon that the world

has ever experienced, namely, the rise and development of great municipalities. Thus, this entirely new and extremely perplexing problem was thrust upon the American people at a time when the controversies of war, to which slavery gave rise, demanded the undivided attention and activity of every person in the United States who was capable of wrestling effectively with such a question. Europe, too, has experienced a similar rapid growth of cities, yet it had been dealing with such questions for centuries, and had, therefore, the experience which enabled it to handle more effectively the serious problems presented.

But, although American citizens have not shown themselves expert in the municipal government, yet history shows that their failure is due to preoccupation and absorption in other things, rather than to incapacity for dealing with civic problems. Within the space of a century they have wrought out the mightiest work of history. Through their efforts the dreams of the poets and philosophers of past ages have come true. They have made "government of the people, for the people and by the people" an enduring success, and when they awake to a sense of the importance of the problem and a conviction of their shortcomings, they will make a like success of municipal government.

It must be carefully borne in mind that the movement toward municipal ownership was not in its origin theoretical; on the contrary it has been forced upon the people by the exigencies of city life. The Committee of the National Civic Federation report that "legalized and regulated monopoly" of gas, water, electric light and street railways is necessary; and "that undertakings in which the sanitary motive enters largely should be operated by the public." That it is necessary for a city to own its sewerage system is universally admitted. Practical experience has shown that this utility, so indispensable to the health of the community, must be owned and operated by the municipality in order that it may be fairly distributed, and may benefit all classes of citizens alike.

The next most important utility, the waterworks, is in general municipally owned. The number of waterworks in the United States owned by municipalities increased from 6 per cent to 60 per cent in the century from 1800 to 1900. Of the fifty largest cities in the United States twenty-one have always owned their waterworks, twenty have changed from private to public ownership, and but nine still cling to private ownership. The undisputed necessity of municipal ownership of such important utilities as these is in itself proof

that the public ownership of other utilities would prove as practical and efficacious as it is economical, and from a moral view most desirable. And yet, listening to the specious arguments of privileged interests, which have amassed fortunes by franchises granted them through the folly of municipalities, cities cling to the idea of the necessity of private ownership. Scarcely less rapid than the growth of the cities themselves has been the increase in the expense of living in them and in the rate of taxation, until the people are bent beneath the weight. As the growth of the cities becomes greater, so the sources of possible municipal revenue multiply in like proportion. Frank Ford, a man of high intelligence, and an advocate of public reform, says: "The trouble has been that our cities, while undertaking the great expenditures forced upon them by the necessities of their congested population, have neglected to preserve for themselves the means of meeting the vast outlay called for annually. Public franchises of incalculable value have been given away to private individuals and corporations. Were the cities given the benefit of the revenue derived from these sources alone, taxes would be cut nearly in two, and the whole population benefited."

In municipal ownership and operation of public utilities England is leading the world, and demonstrating the fallacy of the claims which are constantly advanced by the interested advocates for public service companies, which are realizing millions of dollars in profit, which should go toward reducing taxes, building schools, and beautifying the municipalities. James Carter, an Englishman who each year makes a careful compilation of tables showing the record of municipal ownership in English cities and towns, reports sixty-six cities and boroughs where municipal ownership obtains, and the profit realized in one year from this ownership amounted to five millions of dollars. Glasgow, as everyone knows, is an example of ideal conditions under municipal ownership. The request of the street railways of that city for 1906 shows that the fares have been reduced to an average of two cents per ride, and still the profits of the street railway system paid into the Common Good Fund \$175,000, which was used for the improvement of parks and the bettering of conditions in general. In Hull, England, a city with about the population of St. Louis, the city owns its own gas plant, and the cost per thousand cubic feet is forty-eight cents, while the citizen of St. Louis pays a private company \$1.00 per 1000 feet for gas of an inferior quality. Los Angeles leased her water works for several years. In 1902 the people awakened to the fact that

they were being robbed and took back the plant. Since then the city has rebuilt the entire system, purchased additional water supply and has extended its mains to meet a 200% growth in population. In addition to this it has paid out of the water rents the principal and interest on the bonds for the purchase of the plant. During this time the water rates to the consumer have been reduced one-half, and the cost of water to its inhabitants has been placed at one-third of that which the people of San Francisco pay to a private company. Thus we see economy and efficiency of municipal ownership practically exemplified, and, in the light of these facts, cities have begun to realize the truth of the statement made by ex-Mayor Jones of Toledo: "To say that a private company can serve the people better than they can serve themselves, is an unwarranted assumption of superiority on the part of those who make the claim." Some who oppose municipal ownership hold that it is trenching on private enterprise. It is doing that very thing, but to what end? For the benefit of the many: and surely it is not an injustice to deny a few the privilege of profiting by the necessities of the community. Truly this is a manifestation of lack of patriotism, for no man who is truly patriotic will be willing to confess to a desire to use the people of his own city simply for what he can get out of them. Walton Clark, vice-president of the United Gas and Improvement Company of Philadelphia, says proudly that the city realizes \$491,674 a year from the plant leased to his company, and that, if it should continue to do this for the next twenty years, the city would realize about \$10,000,000. On the other hand, the Philadelphia Gas Commission reports that, if the city would take back its plant and sell gas at seventy-five cents during the twenty years that the lease has yet to run, there would be a gain of \$50,000,000. The difference of \$40,000,000 is not a sum to be scorned by the tax-payers.

Such are the practical and economical arguments in favor of municipal ownership; no less weighty are the moral considerations involved. That private ownership has tended to debauch and lower the moral standard of our cities, that it leads to bribery and graft is quite evident. An authority on municipal ownership writes in the *Arena* for 1906, "From our nation's capital down to our municipalities the private companies operating public utilities, have done more than all other agencies combined to corrupt government." Only a few weeks ago, in the city of San Francisco, Abraham Rueff was sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary for bribery in connection with the granting of a franchise to the street railway of that city,

permitting them to put their wires overhead, when the people demanded that they be put underground. Mr. Wm. D. Marks, a gas and electric expert at Buffalo, N. Y., reported to the State Gas and Electric Commission that, while the Buffalo Gas Companies are capitalized at \$15,000,000, their plant is worth less than \$2,000,000. The Philadelphia Gas Commission reported to the city council in 1907 that "The United States Gas and Improvement Company has wrongfully charged up from two to ten millions of dollars to improvements which really belong to the repair account." Graft, due directly to the granting of franchises, would be eliminated if the cities owned their public utilities, while at the same time watering of stock and such bookkeeping as is charged against the Philadelphia Gas Company would be rendered useless.

We know only too well that the political boss will never willingly consent to municipal ownership and operation of public utilities, because his power is founded in the contributions of private owners, but we know also that, by an aroused sentiment, he and all other hostile foes can be overcome. In the light of events of recent years, Americans can no longer be justly charged with indifference to municipal problems and their solution.

Heroism, heretofore applied only to military efficiency, is now plainly manifested in civic endeavor. To say that the average man of the United States is so far inferior to the man of Europe in civic virtue and capability of civic heroism that reforms established and working successfully abroad must necessarily fail here, is another unwarranted assumption on the part of some opponents of municipal ownership. James Bryce, the English ambassador to the United States, in his scholarly work upon the American Commonwealth, says: "Together with their shrewdness and sort of hardness, the Americans are an impressionable people. They are capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen."

America has already produced more than one martyr to this new cause. Geo. E. Waring, a soldier who distinguished himself in the Civil War, gave up his life, not on the battle field, but in heroic endeavor to save the people of Havana from the ravages of yellow fever; and to the citizens of New York whom he served so well, surely the term "street commissioner" is no ignoble title.

So far-reaching a reform as municipal ownership can not be effected in a day, in a month, or in a year. It will require years of unceasing agitation, marked by sacrifices and accompanied by many

failures. Powerful corporations which possess the public franchises will fight the reform to the death, but, even if the contest is hard and bitter, the reward will amply repay for the fierceness of the fight and the greatness of the sacrifices made. Hand in hand with victory will come new and better conditions which will improve the environment of the coming generations beyond conception. Then will be ushered in an era of progress and development, an era of universal justice, and honest, practical, and efficient city government.

MAYME E. COLEMAN.

THE SLEEPER.

Mr. Richardson, in English class: "I will now read Poe's poem, 'The Sleeper'."

Up shot the whole back row.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

IN GERMAN CLASS.

L. O.: "Miss Ferguson, where in the story was the hero wounded?"

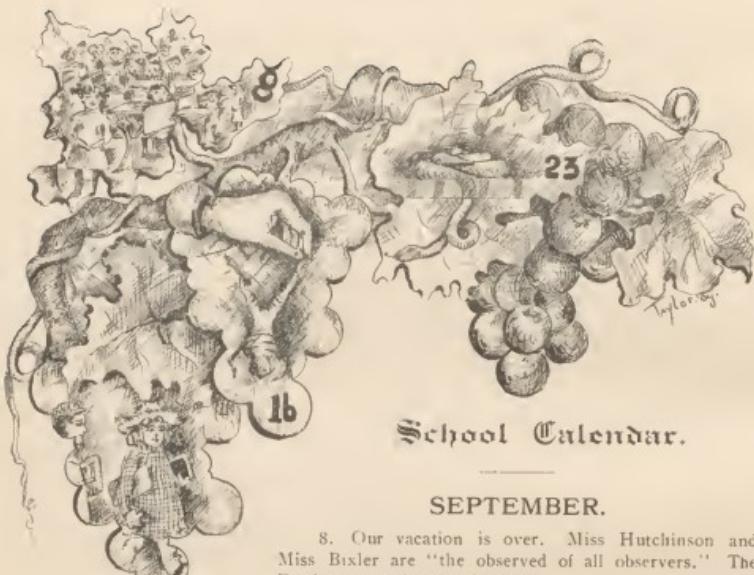
M. B. (in stage whisper): "In the upper story."

MY TEACHER.

My teacher's all dressed up today,
She never looked so fine,
I thought when first I looked at her,
"My teacher isn't mine."

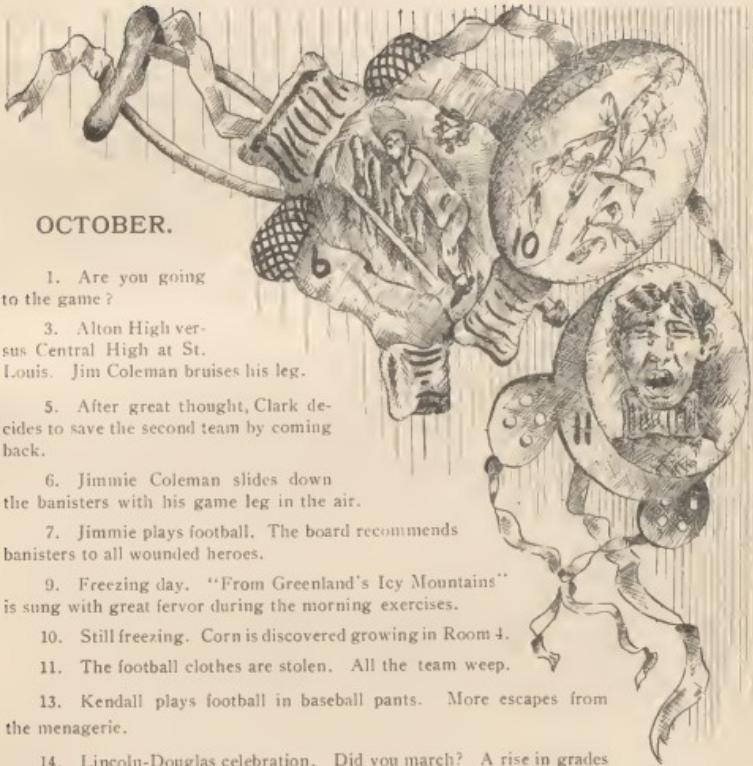
AT GERMAN SOCIETY.

Bertha Fiegenbaum, in answer to roll-call: "Abwesend!"



SEPTEMBER.

8. Our vacation is over. Miss Hutchinson and Miss Bixler are "the observed of all observers." The Freshman squad makes its debut.
9. The teachers and the pupils are given the new program puzzle to solve.
10. The Freshmen bring their books. A change in the program.
11. The Sophomores bring their books. Another change! "Confusion worse confounded."
15. After much thought as to their courses of study, the Juniors and the Seniors bring their books.
16. Mr. Krait starts collecting his menagerie. More changing done! "Isn't it awful!"
18. The librarians are appointed.
19. D. D. in charge of the library the first hour in the afternoon.
20. N. S. begins his diurnal visits to the library the first hour in the afternoon.
23. A section of the menagerie escapes. The Natural Science Club goes on a searching party.
24. An innovation at the faculty meeting. (See jokes).
25. Clark won't run around the football field for practice. He decides to quit football.
26. The first meeting of the literary societies. "Wit reigns supreme."
28. Another addition to the menagerie.
29. Miss Ferguson begins the Herculean task of cataloguing and rearranging the library.



OCTOBER.

1. Are you going to the game?
3. Alton High versus Central High at St. Louis. Jim Coleman bruises his leg.
5. After great thought, Clark decides to save the second team by coming back.
6. Jimmie Coleman slides down the banisters with his game leg in the air.
7. Jimmie plays football. The board recommends banisters to all wounded heroes.
9. Freezing day. "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" is sung with great fervor during the morning exercises.
10. Still freezing. Corn is discovered growing in Room 4.
11. The football clothes are stolen. All the team weep.
13. Kendall plays football in baseball pants. More escapes from the menagerie.
14. Lincoln-Douglas celebration. Did you march? A rise in grades is noticed, and the Freshmen feel their importance. The marching club is organized.
15. Teachers' meeting at Edwardsville—but no holiday. French and German swear words.
17. Senior Class meeting. That's all.
27. Heat today!!!
30. Hallowe'en tomorrow night. Be careful.



NOVEMBER.

2. I wonder where Mr. King was Hallowe'en. Be careful! Bryan in town. 'Mr. Richardson, may I go down to hear our next president?"

3. Taft elected. Mr. Richardson hears, "I bet you—" Miss Hutchinson learns for the first time that Mr. Richardson is not married.

4. (During conversational period.) "Oh, girls! Western went up the river today!"

6. Miss Rich is absent on account of a sprained ankle.

7. Alton High wins against Edwardsville.

9. Mr. King is sick. No geometry! B-r-r-r. It's cold

10. He's back again! Our holiday is over.

12. Georgie J. visits back of the transverse aisle.

13. Pushmataha Society decides that women ought to vote. Well, Pushmataha, whatever you say goes.

16. Der Deutsche Verein is formed, and the constitution is to be written in German. Dunner und blitzen!

17. Sprechen sie Deutsch?

19. After a long period of time, Georgie and the Morris girls visit relatives in Seniorville.

22. The Freshmen receive a knock for not subscribing to the *Quill*.

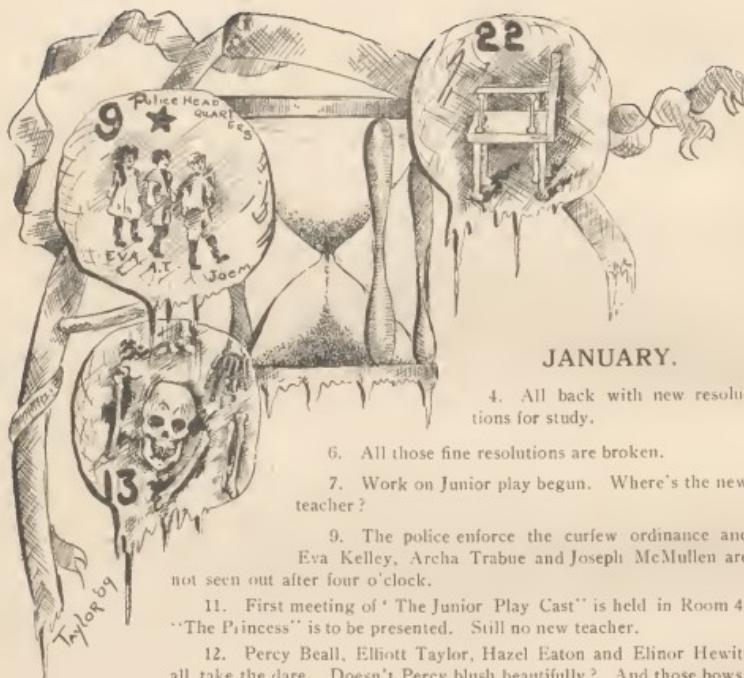
24. Rev. Mr. Coleman transports the High School to England—all for a dime.

26. Thanksgiving Day. We are all thankful for Old High.



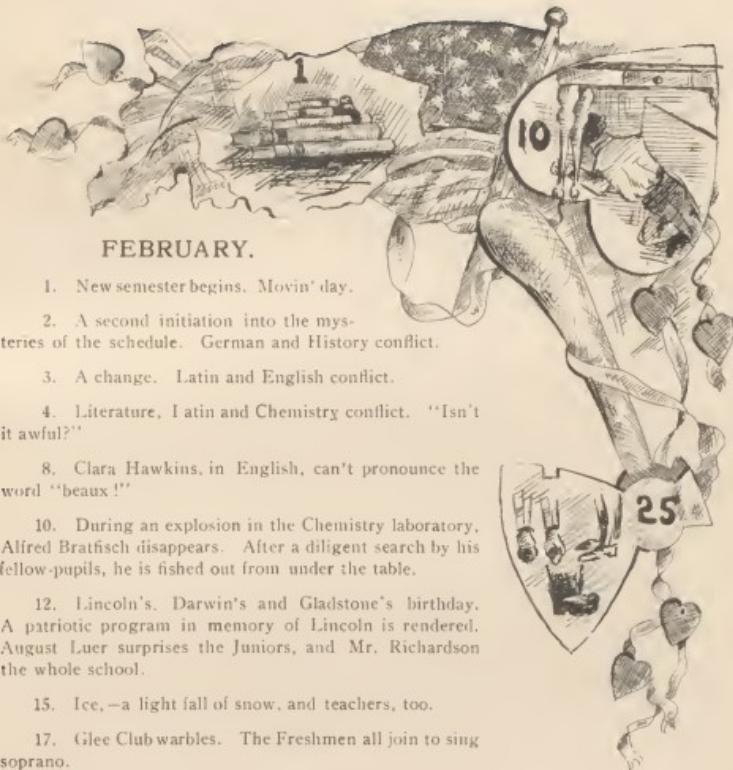
DECEMBER.

1. Mr. Kraft parts his hair on the side.
2. It's parted in the middle today.
4. Ninetieth anniversary of the birthday of Illinois. Oh, no, we don't want a holiday! Of course not!
7. The pupils in the assembly room are startled by the apparent ease with which Harold Curdie, a modern Gulliver, carries the dictionary upon his mighty shoulders.
11. Lessons pounded in by the plumbers.
14. Mabel Coyle wears her hair in a braid. "Isn't it awful, Mabel!"
15. Mr. Watson frightens a Junior and several Freshmen out of their seats in the assembly room.
16. Joe Degenhardt starts the fashion of quoting poetry in English history.
17. Alfred Bratfisch quotes poetry also. It's immense!
21. The *Quill* comes out. Best ever issued.
23. Mr. Kraft discourses to all classes upon the spirit of Christmas. The mistletoe makes its rounds.
24. Half holiday. That School Board is becoming magnanimous, and a program in the morning, too.
25. Merry Christmas!



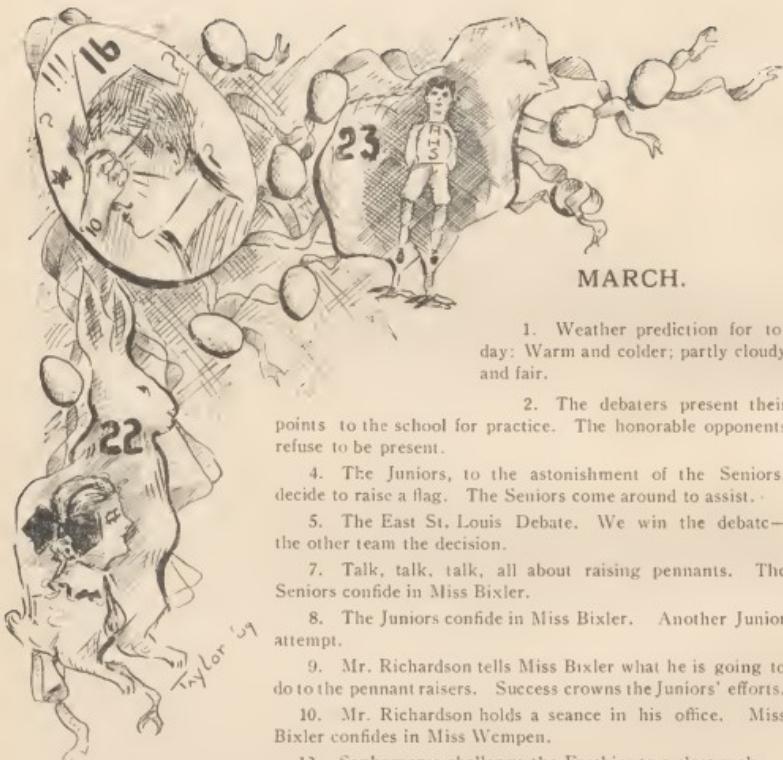
JANUARY.

4. All back with new resolutions for study.
6. All those fine resolutions are broken.
7. Work on Junior play begun. Where's the new teacher?
9. The police enforce the curfew ordinance and Eva Kelley, Archa Trabue and Joseph McMullen are not seen out after four o'clock.
11. First meeting of "The Junior Play Cast" is held in Room 4. "The Princess" is to be presented. Still no new teacher.
12. Percy Beall, Elliott Taylor, Hazel Eaton and Elinor Hewitt all take the dare. Doesn't Percy blush beautifully? And those bows, very becoming, too.
13. Flaring announcements on the board: "Remember the date, Jan. 26, the big debate." The skeleton is wrecked. The Seniors treat themselves and the faculty to a sleigh ride.
14. After a long wait, our curiosity is satisfied, and the new teacher, Miss Bails, appears.
15. No more snowballing. "Huh!" said the Freshmen.
18. On the bulletin board: "B A SPORT... Go to the DEBATE."
21. "Does your father pay 2 much 4 water? Find out." Harriet F. breaks the library furniture.
22. Nothing doing. A new chair in the library.
25. Play rehearsals begin. Tatler notices cover the board.
26. Big intersociety debate. The Pushmataha team wins. Clark and Jimmy wax gymnastic.
28. Finals. The day is long, and dark, and dreary.
29. Still more finals. "Isn't it awfu!, Mabel?"
30. Hermon asks in English if "girls are puzzles" is a figure of speech.



FEBRUARY.

1. New semester begins. Movin' day.
2. A second initiation into the mysteries of the schedule. German and History conflict.
3. A change. Latin and English conflict.
4. Literature, Latin and Chemistry conflict. "Isn't it awful?"
8. Clara Hawkins, in English, can't pronounce the word "beaux!"
10. During an explosion in the Chemistry laboratory, Alfred Bratfisch disappears. After a diligent search by his fellow-pupils, he is fished out from under the table.
12. Lincoln's, Darwin's and Gladstone's birthday. A patriotic program in memory of Lincoln is rendered. August Luer surprises the Juniors, and Mr. Richardson the whole school.
15. Ice,—a light fall of snow, and teachers, too.
17. Glee Club warbles. The Freshmen all join to sing soprano.
22. Washington's birthday. Oh, no—no holiday! Why, the idea!
24. Miss Rich (upon Louis' coming to recitation late): "The train leaves at 1:15." Louis: "But I missed it."
25. Mr. Kraft in society meeting: "It would be better if more of the members talked on their feet."
26. Mr. Watson sprains his ankle. No Physics.
28. Last day of February. How thankful we are for short months.



MARCH.

1. Weather prediction for today: Warm and colder; partly cloudy and fair.
 2. The debaters present their points to the school for practice. The honorable opponents refuse to be present.
 4. The Juniors, to the astonishment of the Seniors, decide to raise a flag. The Seniors come around to assist.
 5. The East St. Louis Debate. We win the debate—the other team the decision.
 7. Talk, talk, talk, all about raising pennants. The Seniors confide in Miss Bixler.
 8. The Juniors confide in Miss Bixler. Another Junior attempt.
 9. Mr. Richardson tells Miss Bixler what he is going to do to the pennant raisers. Success crowns the Juniors' efforts.
 10. Mr. Richardson holds a seance in his office. Miss Bixler confides in Miss Wempen.
 12. Sophomores challenge the Freshies to a class rush.
 15. *Quill* out at last. A nice slam for the Y. M. C. A. is given.
 16. Another pennant up; again Junior. A rush and an unsuccessful attempt to remove it by the Seniors bring on several small sized boxing matches.
 17. Mr. King takes a dare and wears a green tie.
 19. A seance in Mr. Richardson's office. The Sophomores attend.
 22. The Seniors hark back to their childhood days and appear in juvenile costumes of red and black.
 23. Track Athletics start. All the Freshies come out.
 25. The Athletic Association is considered.
 29. No Freshies out.
 27. The Junior play practice in Spalding: some of the troupe get lost behind the scenes.
 31. The Chemistry class inspects the gas works. After deliberation they decide they are all right and depart, munching peanuts.
- April Fools' Day. THE TATLER goes to press.

SENIORS



SENIORS—SECOND SECTION.

Colors: Black and Red.

Motto: "Launched but Not Anchored."

OFFICERS.

President,	Walter Smith
Vice-President,	Tilton Wead
Secretary and Treasurer,	Sanford Taylor

Valedictory,	Tilton Wead
Salutatory,	Hortense Rodgers
Declamation,	Alice Morris
Oration,	Clark Wells
Prophecy,	Lela Logan
History,	Lauretta Paul
Poem,	Bertha Fiegenbaum
Class Will,	Philomene Marum

SENIORS—FIRST SECTION.

Colors: Black and Gold.

OFFICERS.

President,	Hoyt Cox
Vice-President,	Frieda Netzhammer
Secretary and Treasurer,	Frank Stowell

Maude Ballenger.

"Ful wel sche sang the servise
divyne."

Marguerite Buck.

"She speaks an infinite deal of
nothing."

Marjorie Betts.

"A face with gladness overspread,
Swift looks by human kindness bred."

Martin Bristow.

"Yond Cassius hath a keen and hun-
gry look."

Lewis Calame.

"The knoeker of the Senior Class,
Upon all matters does he pass."

Mayme Coleman.

"You'd searee expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

Harold Curdie.

"The great man needs everywhere
muche ground."

Lucy Degenhardt.

"Not for three years to speak with
any man."

Loomis Dorsey.

"Absent in body, but present in
spirit."

Virginia English.

"The noblest mind the best contentment
has."





Elizabeth Eberhardt.

"With volleys of eternal
babble."

Mary Ellison.

"Few people die in love, tho' lots of people
are dead in love."

Frances Fechner.

"And still she read her pleasant wit,
from German."

Bertha Fiegenbaum.

"Life seems serious to a serious
mind."

Flossie Fowler.

"Naught but herself can be her
parallel."

Alma Green

"She could write a little essay on any
subject."

Imo Gillham.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful
countenance."

Harvey Harris.

His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand
up and say,
"This is a man."

Lillian Hamilton.

"In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures may perfect be."

Kathaleen Heskett.

"Wee, modest, crimson tipped
flower."

Kendall Hopkins.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ither see us."

Harry Johnston.

"Unlearned gentleman, exceedingly well
(read)."



Edward Juttemeyer.

"See Alice."

Mamie Kelsey.

"Eternal sunshine settles on her
head."

Lenora Koch.

"Silence in woman is like speech in
man."

Florence Kuhn.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low:
An excellent thing in a woman."

Hannah Kranz.

"She is wise, if I can judge of
her."

William Levis.

"One may smile and smile and yet be a
villain."

Viola Loarts.

"With every pleasing, every prudent
part."

Hallie Mae Logan.

"Woman is not weak. There are strong
souls in the sex."



Lela Logan.

"An animated form that speaks a mind within."

Evelyn Lowe.

"Of manners gentle, and affections mild."

Fred McPike.

"His limbs are cast in manly mold,
For hardy sport or contest bold."

Lillian Marsh.

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty,
Her words do show her wit incomparable."

Philomene Marum.

"Virtues has she many more than I have
skill to show."

Johanna Masel.

"An elegant scholar, having the graces of speech and skill in the turning of phrases."

Kirk Mook.

"A man after his own heart."

Alice Morris.

"Our partings, tho' late, always appear too soon."

Nellie Mottaz.

"Be not ashamed of thy own virtues."

Ernest Netzhammer.

"Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed."

Leland Osborn.

"He knew whatever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own."

Fern Oulson.

"Truly I would the gods had made thee
poetical."

Elda Paul.

Ethel Paul.

"There is no royal road to
Geometry."

Pearl Paul.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Lauretta Paul.

"All that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate."

Hortense Rodgers.

"She spreads around that silent spell,
That makes all spirits love her well."

Edna Radcliff.

"My words are only words, and move upon
the topmost wave of thought."

Wilma Pierce.

"Modest and simple and sweet; the very
type of Priscilla."

Nettie Rosebery.

"Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing
flower."





Edna Sawyer.

"She knows what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Nelson Schwebpe.

"My only books are women's looks, and
folly's all they've taught me."

Walter Smith.

"Love makes me thrice a
man."

Florence Steiner.

"One of those with fair black hair and
eyes."

Sanford Taylor.

"I am Sir Oracle. When I speak let no dog
bark."

Pearl Trube.

"A rosebud set with little thorns
As sweet as air could make her."

Myrtle Volz.

"A heart like yours outweighs tons of
gold."

Verna Warner.

"He worships your
ideal."

Tilton Wead.

"She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea."

Clark Wells.

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the
lawyers."

James Wilson.

"The human brain contains so very
much."

Fay Yaeger.

"To laugh were want of goodness and of
grace,
And to he grave exceeds all power of face."



Lenora Cartwright.

"Who talks much, must talk in
vain."

Hoyt Cox.

"It is a great plague to be so handsome a
man."

Winfrey Gregory.

"Knowledge comes; but wisdom
lingers."

Eunice Lavenue.

"For the nature of woman is so closely
related to art."

Julius Meisenheimer.

"Stout Tenton he, a valiant
man."

Earl Miller.

"He hath indeed bettered bettered
expectation."

Frieda Netzhammer.

"Her ways are ways of gentleness; her
paths are paths of peace."

Frank Stowell.

"Disguise our bondage as we will;
'Tis woman, woman rules us still."

A Senior Letter Box.

Castle Knox, Tell Tale Ave.

My Dear Editor:—

The Senior Class has ever been noted for its modesty. When asked for articles for THE TATLER, although perfectly willing, yet, because of this modesty, its members have remained in the background, thinking, "Let someone write who is capable—someone who can obtain better results than we." However, a mind psychically inclined, probably of THE TATLER Board, has devised the plan of a Senior letter box. The result is before you.

Although we are aware that in the class of naught nine, the characteristic of modesty predominates to an alarming extent, yet we cannot easily overcome it. We, as individuals, possess the characteristic, and as a class must necessarily display it. Our motto, "Launched but not anchored," is modest. In it we have made no false assertions of what we have done, or what we intend doing. But the Seniors realize that, because they, like Hawthorne, loathe the vulgarity of every form of obtrusiveness, the Junior 'Tatler' will suffer, and so they have graciously laid aside their modesty in the way mentioned, and produced from their sagacious minds these superior productions. Hoping that you will receive them with favor, we are,

Yours very truly,

THE SENIOR CLASS,

L. P.

62 Knowledge Ave., A. H. S. Seniorville, Ill.

My Dear Editor:—

I feel it to be my duty to correct the prevailing opinion as to the morals of the Seniors, being one of those enviable and immensely important persons myself.

In the first place the Senior is respectful. Every day during morning exercises he stands painfully erect and, opening his mouth at an angle of 360°, works his vocal chords to the limit of their capacity. Secondly, being a very devout person, he attends church whenever he can pry open the door or climb into the window. Thirdly, veracity is one of his virtues. When a Senior is asked

whether he is a participant in a "spread," he cautiously removes the luncheon to a neighboring desk and truthfully answers "No." Fourthly, he can give the family tree of any biblical character referred to, a fact due to his extensive knowledge of sacred history.

Now, my dear sir, trusting to your good sense to accept and publish my statements, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

THE SENIOR CLASS,

L. L.

Sanctum of Living Ideals, A. H. S.

My Dear Editor:—

To write a few words concerning the Seniors is a great pleasure. No doubt you outsiders have often noticed and marveled at the brilliancy and willingness of the class, but, as one who dwells among them, I should like to call your attention to a few facts. If you doubt for one moment their capability and readiness to work, just look at the staff of the *Piasa Quill* or the society debating teams. Who else could have carried these enterprises through so well? Besides, the faculty found that the two literary societies were not sufficient means for displaying the Seniors' literary talents, so it was thought best to supply the need by a German society, in which we might expend our superfluous energy by writing and speaking German. The plan has worked so excellently that a few Juniors and Sophomores have been admitted to have some training before we leave. Of course, we must acknowledge that the other classes are accomplishing a few things, and we only hope that with our good example they will succeed.

Sympathetically yours,

THE SENIOR CLASS,

H. R.

No. 4 Bookworm Row, A. H. S.

My Dear Editor:—

The facts concerning my classmate, DeBate, which you ask me to gather, I find very hard to impart; however, I shall do my best.

DeBate entered High School with the class of 1905. During the entire Freshman year he was very timid, taking little part in recitations. When the teachers would reprove the youngsters, he was too timid to come to their rescue.

In the Sophomore year, however, he gained enough courage to take part in the rhetoricals, and the English teacher invited him to class.

In the Junior year of his sojourn with us, he had grown to be quite a bold youngster. He was even ready to help out the other members of the class when they didn't know their lesson, by keeping the teacher busy for half the period. He also began to take active part in the literary societies.

During the past year he has attracted more of the attention of the public than any one in school, except the naughty boys who hung up the pennants and let the pigeons loose in the assembly room. He began the year by work in the literary societies, and then played havoc among the girls of the Psychology class. The Illini and Pushmataha societies became jealous of the lad, each maintaining that he belonged to them. To settle the matter a battle of words was fought, and Pushmataha captured him. He now took a notion that Alton was too small for him, and went to East St. Louis to win honor for the ruby red and silver gray. But East St. Louis had whispered to the judges of him. He came back without the cup which he went after, but returned a wiser and stronger young man.

DeBate next tried to wage war with a St. Louis school, but it refused to fight, so he has retired from business life, and his only activities are to help out the lazy members of the class when they don't know their lessons and to keep the literary societies alive.

Yours very truly,
THE SENIOR CLASS,
C. W.

No. 18, 62nd Ave., A. H. S.

Dear Editor-in-Chief:—

You wish to know something about the social life of our class. I assure you that it couldn't be better. You've noticed, no doubt, on what remarkably good terms we are with the other classes and the teachers, and, indeed, how wonderfully sociable the different members of the class are with each other.

We believe in helping along the Juniors. Even when they had their flag up, as we were sure that it must come down, we spent our valuable time and energy helping them to lower it, for we were positive that they didn't wish the janitor to burn it. Nelson, Harry, and William have taken up the good work, and they are especially instrumental in keeping perfect harmony between the two classes.

It is well known that the Sophomores are our special charges. We have brought them up well, and we know that every one will be proud of next year's Juniors. We often take the Freshmen into our confidence and tell them the secret of being Sophomores. Juniors and Seniors, and we wouldn't be surprised to see them, when they reach the title of Seniors, almost as lofty and dignified as we are ourselves. If you wish to know anything about our sociability with the teachers, just ask any of them for information. Miss Bixler and Mr. Watson can tell you particularly well about it.

And as for our actions among ourselves and with our sister class, the first section of the Seniors, simply watch Verna and Frank, Mary and Walter, Bertha and Harvey, Alice and Edward, and you need seek no farther.

I'm sure that this epistle will prove to you that our social life is ideal.

Yours truly,

THE SENIOR CLASS,

M. K.

23 Demerit Way, Dignity, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

As the members of the Class of 1909 are approaching old age, we feel that it becomes our duty to explain to the under classes, in their feeble struggle, the cause and means by which we are able to enjoy our last days in such financial ease. We were Juniors when fortune opened her gates to us, and we lost no time in entering. So according to custom, we gave the Junior excursion, which proved a big success. The talent found in our class led us to attempt something no other class had done, that of giving a good class play. The proceeds from this more than pleased us, and when we entered our Senior year with all bills paid, we had more than a hundred dollars in our treasury.

To open the Senior year with a flourish, five dollars were given for a football to start the season. Next, fourteen dollars were appropriated to the basketball teams for the purpose of providing suits. Still we had money in our treasury, and on January 12th the Senior Class, with members of the faculty, enjoyed a sleigh ride. Our treasury is not empty yet, and undoubtedly we shall enjoy several more celebrations before leaving you.

In view of the richness and completeness of our possessions, we deem it advisable for the on-coming classes to follow the excellent example set by the Class of 1909. Yours respectfully,

THE SENIOR CLASS,

P. M.

1909 Basketball Boulevard.

Dear Editor:—

You have asked about the things the Seniors have been doing in athletics. Well, I am certainly glad to tell you about them, and in so doing, chronicle a few of the victories and successes which have crowned the efforts of the Class of '09. Just think, out of thirty A's given out by the faculty, twenty-four of them have been won by members of the Senior Class! Isn't that a fine record?

Wouldn't you be proud of a membership like ours? Yet, what else could be expected when the class consists of such warriors as the brave Frederick, little Kirk, bashful Walter, Harry with the red hair, sturdy Kendall, and gentle Martin; and also of such heroines as Imo, Nettie, Phil, Hallie Mae and Kathaleen to root for the boys and uphold the honors of "Old High" on the basketball field?

We still have hopes of winning a few more A's, as we will be well represented in the spring meet, and it will take something extra good to defeat us. We hope that, in the future, the poor Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen will strive to equal us, but it is certain they can never excel the record made by the Class of '09.

I am, with great pride,

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Shakespeare's Cap.

We know that William Shakespeare was famous,
And a man of very great worth;
But not much else do we know about him,
Except of his death and his birth.
Now a new fact has just been discovered,
If this may be taken as truth,
That very old people become childish again,
And act as they did in their youth.
As we all know he is now very old;
Tho' his statue does not show it,
We believe that his actions now prove this, and add
A new fact to his life as we know it.
Thus we discovered that when just a boy
He was fond of colors with snap,
For Billy appeared not long ago
In a tiny bright red cap.

Senior Class---First Section.



N the month of February, 1906, under the leadership of Winifrey Gregory, a class of about fifty members left Lincoln School to enter the broader fields of knowledge of the Alton High School. Owing to the cold weather they were in fine spirits and entered upon their new routine with unprecedented zest. A few from the class ahead came back and joined this new one, but the class was not increased, for just about as many dropped out, either on account of dislike of studies or inability to keep up with the work.

As the members advanced in their work, they became more settled, the novelty of the bulletin boards, demerits and the "gym" gradually wearing off, and they passed without trouble through each successive year, gaining and losing members until we find them on the very pinnacle of success, in their Senior year, numbering eight. Although they are few in number, theirs is the most distinguished class in the High School, composed of the most illustrious students, favorites of all the teachers and students.

Each one has a talent distinctive of him, which makes the public turn its attention to this, the smallest class in this High School, for it is remembered that it is "quality, not quantity," that counts.

Hoyt Cox, the president, is a very ambitious, learned boy, very fond of sport, and he may be seen at this season, every evening, on the track, throwing the hammer, much to the admiration of the unfortunate puny ones, who stand and watch. He is also an actor. No doubt some day he will either be athletic director at the Y. M. C. A. or else a great comedian.

Winifrey Gregory, ex-president, also an enthusiastic advocate of the "Y. M.," is one of the most brilliant students in the High School. He is a musician and somewhat of an artist, but is too modest to bring his talents into public view.

Julius Meisenheimer, the young German gallant of the class, applies himself very closely to his work, and finds an outlet for his studious nature in the excellent poetry which he writes. He is very meditative, but at the same time humorous, as he is always making some one laugh at his witty remarks.

Earl Miller is another one of the thoughtful members. His name is a combination of aristocracy and democracy, but his dignity rather betokens the aristocracy of an Earl.

Lenora Cartwright, a buxom, rosy-cheeked maiden from the farm, is another bright pupil. She is thoughtful and demure, following that ancient motto, "children should be seen and not heard." As most dutiful Maude Mullers are, she is attached to her farm duties but does not let them interfere with her school work, as she seldom fails when called upon to recite.

Frank Stowell, the only football hero in the class, is a lad of great promise, a very diligent worker. Some day he will probably be a theatrical star, as already his work in that line is worthy of praise. The members of the High School will no doubt miss this happy, fun-making boy when he has left.

Frieda Netzhammer, the fair singer, has always been among those at the head of the class, a favorite of both teachers and pupils. We hope that she will go along her walk in life as successfully and happily as she has started.

The eighth member, B. Eunice Lavenue, is the scribe.

Heap big lot of rats,
And a great big puff,
Make a little bit of hair
Look like just enough.

BOO-HOO!

A teacher—a little class book—
And a report card, too—
Do make such awful marks
That pupils boo-hoo, boo-hoo!

The Senior Expedition.



DURING the second week of January, J. Frost, Esq., and Mr. N. Wind prevailed upon Miss Nature to send us some six or eight inches of snow; thanks to the above named gentlemen. On the twelfth day of the month Queen Tilton, of the House of Wead, called together all the knights and ladies of the realm.

"A sled ride, a sleigh ride," they said, one and all. Her Highness sent three of the bravest knights to procure the sleighs and named five ladies to provide for inner man. The date was fixed as January 14th. But alas! The fates were against the mighty clan. The sun came out on the 14th, and shone as brightly as if it were June. Imagine then the feelings of the people of the realm, when upon that night they found, instead of snow, water! Yes, water, the H²O, unadulterated and guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June, 1906. But the people of such a mighty kingdom were not to be outdone. They hastened to the telephone.

In less time than it takes to tell, three large boats came sailing up Sixth Street Strait, and cast anchor at High School Dock. Into these three noble vessels the people of the kingdom hied themselves. Each boat was honored by the presence of one or more of the "learned ones," for the great seal had been affixed to a note inviting the faculty to join in the merry-making. In boat one was the Ruler of Room Eight, who cracked stale jokes and told ancient ghost stories. Lady Bixler, of the House of White Rose, also had passage in the same boat. In boat three were four of the greatest ladies of the "learned ones," Lady Naylor, Lady McCarthy, Lady Hutchinson and the Duchess of English Literature. They led the people in classic songs and other noise. In boat two there was but one "learned" one, the fair-haired and witty Lord Wattie. From reports, however, he made enough "fuss" for several of his size.

Thus distributed and seated among dozens of sandwiches, scores of pickles, hundreds of cakes and fields of popcorn, the voyagers enjoyed themselves. The sail of the boat was old and torn. While stopping for repairs she lost her way. She was finally piloted to the dock, however, by way of Middletown Bay. The other boats had a delightful voyage, and returned by way of Pietown Sea to Sixth Street Strait. When the people were again on solid ground, they united in a great shout. They had spent some money, a most difficult task, according to King John D.

Kitty's Mother.

" VE no patience with your sky-scrapin' notions about educatin' up girls!" As Silas loosened the baked earth about the strawberry vines with his trowel, he gave an emphatic jerk to his head that Elizabeth called nodding his chin. "'Stid of gallivantin' off to college, Kit had a sight better stayed at home helpin' you."

Elizabeth packed away a sigh among the red berries that her quick fingers were laying in precise little rows in the square boxes.



"Come, honey, I want to introduce you to the girls."

"Some girls is spry with their hands, Si, and some with their minds." She looked up, smiling, the glow on her thin cheeks heightened by that of the sun parching the thirsty ground. "Think of the child keeping books summers, taking only a skimpy two weeks' rest, and yet standing at the head of her class—why, Si, she deserves the hand-somest white frock we can buy her."

"Shucks! I'd like to meet the fool woman,—I bet a dollar it was a woman—that invented graduatin'. Now Kit's got her le'rmin', why can't she come home peaceable without makin' a brass band circus of herself? I know them graduatin' shows! They squeeze

you into a hot-bed crowded with chairs, there you sit in a biled shirt that you ain't had on since the last funeral."

"Perhaps," said Elizabeth shyly, "'tisn't the ups and downs that make life, but the way you take them—the thin ears of corn along with the full." She placed the last filled box in the waiting space of the drawer and slowly straightened her stiff, aching body. "I know it's been a bad year, Si, but fixing for her commencement means so much to a girl, and Kitty couldn't save up for them—if—"

"I told you," interrupted Silas, "I hadn't the money to spend on such foolishness, and that ends it."

Elizabeth turned to the house in silence. She did not understand. She had been Silas' wife thirty years. But the tightly closed lips were not closed in meekness, and the faded gray eyes flashed. The child should have her fixings somehow—yes, even—Elizabeth sank into a kitchen chair, the corners of her mouth quivering, her hands dropping helplessly into her lap. Then, as though ashamed of weakness, she sprang to her feet and resolutely hastened upstairs to her bed-room. She gave a swift, stealthy glance over her shoulder as she knelt before her opened bureau drawer, pulling out a small wad wrapped in an old glove. Breathlessly she emptied her treasure on the floor, pennies, nickles and dimes falling softly upon the bills that her proud fingers had counted. Nine dollars and eighty-seven cents was the measure of her opportunity for self-denial, the means to fulfill her heart's desire; for the radiant purpose of attending Kitty's commencement had been a golden dream, bridging over the unhappiness, the loneliness, toil and hardships of the past three years, and to that end she had industriously hoarded every cent which she could call her own, rising an hour earlier busy summer mornings to pick wild berries for the doctor's wife, and sitting up winter nights to manufacture pincushions for the Xmas trade at the Hillsboro store. She gathered the money into her hands, hugging it to her breast.

"Kitty's to speak a piece," she sobbed. "The child's going to speak a piece, and her mother won't be there."

The hot, tedious days lengthened, and Elizabeth went through her routine of duties with the same soulless precision.

"Are you under the weather, mother?" asked Silas an evening two weeks later as he sat absorbed in the drowsy comfort of his pipe, his chair tilted back against the house, his slippers feet crossed upon the porch railing. "You seem sort of tuckered out."

Elizabeth looked away as she answered. She dared not trust too much to the deepening twilight. The next day would be Kitty's graduation.

"Shucks!" ejaculated Silas, "that was the gate clicking! Who can be coming this time of night? Why if it ain't the doctor's wife."

"Mrs. Farland?" Self-reproach, mingled with tenderness in the questioning. In the stress of her own unhappiness she had forgotten the anguish that her dear little friend must be suffering, as she looked forward to the morrow, for, during the first years of college, Ethel Farland had been Kitty's class mate, and only the preceding summer had the sweet young life been called to a higher school. Elizabeth's bitterness shriveled in shame, and, holding out her arms, she ran down the path. No words passed between the two women. The unaccustomed kiss, the outstretching thoughts of each mother heart were speech enough.

"Don't disturb yourself, Silas," said Mrs. Farland gently, as they came up to the porch. "No, Betty dear, I can't stay." Her voice fluttered nervously. "I came only to give you—this." She slipped an envelope into Elizabeth's astonished hand, pressing it with trembling fingers. "The express passes through Hillsboro at six and reaches Centerville at ten. The commencement exercises don't begin till half past—you know. It's my own ticket—the one I'd have bought for myself if—if things hadn't happened different. This is the only way you can help me to bear to-morrow, Betty."

She turned from the spell-bound woman on the porch and darted up the path. The gate clicked; the dark silence was broken by the hooting of an owl. In the patch of sky above the shadowy branches of the trees shone a star.

Sleepless hours of happy planning, fitful dreaming of thrilling adventure, and Elizabeth's night had slipped into the dawn. In a moment of ecstasy she lingered at her window; then she stole down stairs to the hundred little common-place deeds of love, from giving the chickens fresh water to cutting the pie for Silas' lunch.

After they had hurried through breakfast, Elizabeth chattering so much that she forgot to eat, came the excitement of dressing. Standing before her cracked mirror, her shaking hands tying the black lace veil about the dingy straw bonnet, trimmed with purple ribbon and red currants, she proudly surveyed herself, glad that she had yielded

to Silas five years ago, and bought a brown alpaca instead of a coveted gray, because it looked more "partified" for the occasion.

She passed through the whirl on the express, in a trace, but the shock of awakening came when the express left her upon the Centerville platform. She had supposed that Kitty, with the other graduates, would be at the station to see the train come in, and, not finding her, she stood bewildered, with the frightened eyes of a lost child.

"If you're one of the college crowd, you'd better get a move on you. Your train's twenty minutes late now," called a laughing voice from a neighboring wagon.

"Late!" cried Elizabeth. "Why, we came flying! Kitty speaks a piece, and I can't miss that!"

The urchin's smile broadened into a grin. Then an impulse of chivalry stirred the thoughtless boy's heart. "Say, you climb up beside me. I'll drive you there in a jiffy."

The hall was crowded when Elizabeth entered, but the smiling usher found her a seat just as the band began to play and as the graduating class trooped upon the stage.

"It looks like a pear orchard in bloom," she confided to the lady beside her. "That's Kitty—there in the middle—the one with the sunshiny hair."

Kitty's piece came at last. She had been elected valedictorian of her class. Elizabeth listened spell-bound. To this idolizing judge every thought was inspired by genius: every sentence a poem in prose, while through the whole reading ran flashlights of the child herself—Kitty with her first doll, Kitty with her first medal, Kitty with her hair done up for the first time, and the last tuck out of her Sunday dimity.

After the hush of the benediction, bubbled over a reaction of chatter and laughter.

"Look at the freak in front of you"—the carelessly high voice drifted over Elizabeth's shoulder—"red currants, purple ribbon, and a dress handed down from the ark! A country mother bobbing up at commencement to humiliate the poor little graduate!"

A crimson spot burned on Elizabeth's cheek. There was a mist before her eyes, but so strong was her habit of unselfishness that she was scarcely conscious of her pain. Her one thought was to slip

away without humiliating Kitty. The opening of a neighboring side door promised instant escape, and she hastened toward it.

"One moment, madam." At the door an usher laid a detaining hand on her sleeve. There she stood motionless, trapped in a crowd where Kitty could not fail to see her—and be humiliated! The white line flashed on unbroken; Kitty had passed her by.

"Madam, you may go now." Elizabeth stared vacantly, and tottered into the hall. Life had ended. Kitty, the pride of all past years, no longer belonged to her, but to the gay outside world, where she was an intruder. The child was ashamed of her mother. She stumbled on. There was a white blur on her eyes when the graduates flocked on the campus; then a white figure with outstretched arms darted toward her.

"But—but, Kitty," faltered Elizabeth, "people are looking, and—"

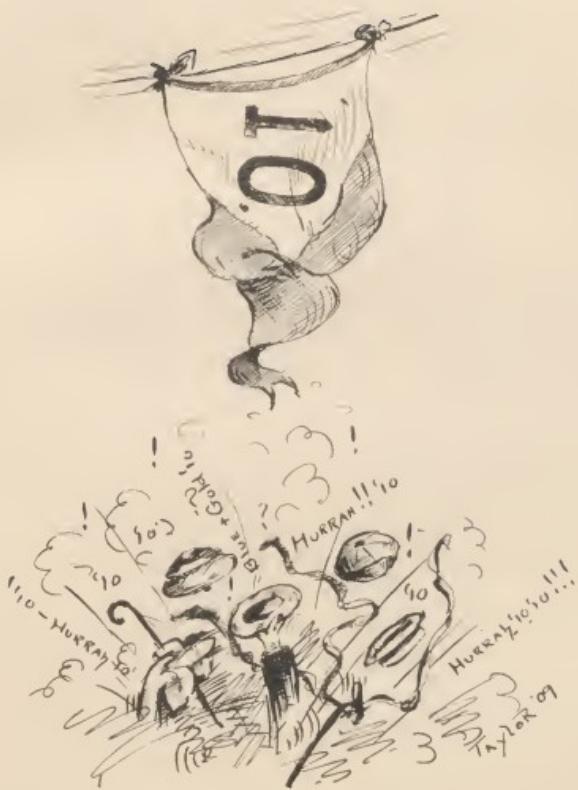
"I don't care if the whole world sees me hugging you!" laughed Kitty, "but come, honey, I want to introduce you to the girls."

ALMA R. GREEN, '09.

A Successful Wooing.

He hesitated at the door, but seeing her seated in the room, came eagerly in with a tender smile on his face. He took a seat facing, and as near as possible to the object of his adoration, and sat there and gazed at her ardently, his soul in his eyes, and thus the two met for the first time. After this he came each day and made sacrifices at the shrine of his devotion. The tributes consisted of carefully gathered passages from literature, sometimes flowery expositions of certain poems, and yet again, but rarely, opinions from his general reading. And she accepted these offerings, sometimes with a smile, and then the youth's heart bounded with joy; but alas, sometimes she frowned, and then his heart was sad, and his head bowed with grief.

And so passed a semester, and one day the youth came for the last time to learn his fate, and lo, he found to his great joy that his ardent wooing had conquered, and he had won—an "E" from his teacher.



THE JUNIORS.

JUNIORS—SECOND SECTION.

Colors: Light Blue and Gold.

OFFICERS.

President,	Joseph Degenhardt
Vice-President,	Elden Betts
Secretary,	Bessie Hamilton
Treasurer,	Edna Smith

JUNIORS—FIRST SECTION.

Colors: Brown and Gold.

OFFICERS.

President,	Rex Gary
Vice-President,	Cora Wuerker
Secretary and Treasurer,	Elliott F. Taylor

Gladys Fuller, whose name belongs on the Junior roll, first section, left school the second semester.

Elden Betts.

Lively, witty and full of fun,
As poet a reputation he's won;
I hope by his manner of editing this book
He has succeeded in pleasing all who look.

Alfred Bratfisch.

This boy a chemist expects to be.
That he's very learned one can see:
He spends his hours in chemistry lab.,
And with all poisons does fearlessly dab...

Edith Browne.

As you may see this is Edith Browne,
There is not a more studious girl in the town;
Her smiles are coy but very few,
And fall as soft as early dew.

John Carstens.

John from his distant home has come,
To study his school books thick:
'Tis hard to farm and study too,
But Johnny can do the trick.

James Coleman.

James Coleman is our class athlete,
He always wins, though many compete;
And while at this he is never late,
He also knows how to debate.

Rhea Curdie.

Joyful and jolly, ready for fun,
She's always there as it advances;
But best of all to this gay maid,
Are the W. M. A. dances.

Madeline Day.

As quiet as a mouse is she,
And also very modest;
She's always fair to everyone,
And in her lessons honest.

Joseph Degenhardt.

The busiest man on THE TATLER staff,
Of the work he does, he never tells half;
As an actor, too, he has great renown;
He's thinking of starring in spotless town





Florence Dick.

Florence Dick is that kind of girl
Who, no matter what happens, never gets in a
whirl.
She is very quiet and coy,
And never allows troubles her to annoy.

Dorothy Dorsey.

An editor fair of the *Piano Quill*,
A hard position, very well does she fill;
At Latin or German, she's always right there.
In fact, at all studies a student fair.

Harriet Forbes.

To Harriet Forbes, the adjective wise,
Also witty, very aptly applies,
As well as pretty, and good as gold.
With all this, half has not been told.

Ida Getsinger.

A very modest girl is she,
With a face that often blushes,
Whose step is light as light can be,
Whose voice is as sweet as the thrush's.

Bessie Hamilton.

Secretary of the class
Is the title of this lass;
Bessie Hamilton the name
Of this girl of Junior fame.

Clausy Heppner.

This is Clausy Heppner, as you may perceive,
He is very good, and would never deceive.
But because he is so very shy,
He never asks the question why.

Eva Kelley.

The Junior midget here you see,
We have none so small as Eva Kelley.
But though she's not so very tall,
The work she does will balance all.

August Luer.

A stranger in our ranks is he,
An orator we've found him to be.
He came from Upper Alton to try
How well he liked old Alton High.

Estelle Magee.

This fair maiden with eyes so blue,
Has a smile for me and a smile for you;
On her round, rosy cheeks she needs no rouge,
For she blushes as pretty as ever you choose.

Pearl Millison.

Although she began in the Junior class,
A total stranger, this fair lass,
Nevertheless, by the end of the year,
She made herself welcome, never you fear.

Yolande Moussard.

"Parlezvous Francais?"—Why, sure, not a doubt.
What, after trying you can't make that out?
It's French, but it's easy; no, that can't be hard.
Well then, "Sprechen sie Deutsch?" to Yolande
Moussard.

Mabel Neff.

Quiet, good, and exceedingly bright,
Mabel Neff, most assuredly is all right.
At elocution she's above the mass,
This slender maid of the Junior class.

William Pace.

He's jolly and witty and ever so pleasing.
His eyes just sparkle with fun;
But most of all, he delights in teasing.
If you wish to escape him, just run.

George Powell.

George Powell is very quiet and good,
And works industriously as everyone should.
If more like him, were some others so bad,
I am sure the teachers would be very glad.

Dell Riley.

A studious maiden have we here,
Who studies hard throughout the year;
And since she demerits does dislike,
She tries to be good with all her might.

Paul Rothacher.

A Switzer from Tyrol am I.
I couldn't miss a tackle, no matter how hard I'd
try.
Basketball or football, to me they are the same,
I'll do my very best to make old High a name.





Herbert Schaefer.

Oh, he's so nervous he can't recite,
But with paper and pencil his thoughts he'll write.
He'll do it so well and so neatly, too,
A pleasant surprise it will be to you.

Edna Smith.

An industrious girl who always studies hard,
And in good lessons gets her reward;
A helping hand she extends to all,
Of those who in lessons do stumble or fall.

Groves Smith.

I belong to the family of Smith,
It's funny I was never called John,
However, I live on a lonely farm,
So I guess the name won't do any harm.

Hilda Steiner.

A happier girl there's not in the school,
She cares not a bit for breaking a rule,
And takes with a laugh, and a frown or two,
Her demerits, which really aren't a few.

Cordelia Stutz.

A fair Cordelia have we here,
Whose rank in school is ne'er in the rear;
Although she quiet seems to be,
She's pleasant, and witty, and very jolly.

Louis Walter.

This boy, who is named Louis Walter,
Is one who at duty ne'er falters,
And we all know he is very bright,
From studying electricity with all his might.

Josephine Webb.

A musical maid with long dark hair,
On TATLER work she is always "there,"
And while she's the poet of the class,
In all her studies she always does pass.

Florence Weindel.

A stately princess, at your pleasure,
Who is hospitable beyond measure,
For if a demerit comes to her gate,
She always receives it in royal state.

Joseph Wright.

On the spur of the moment can anyone tell
Whether or not Joseph Wright can write well?
Just look in the TATLER, it's right in plain sight,
On the right of the page, that Joe Wright is
all right.

Percy Beall.

He walks about with lordly air,
This Junior boy so gay and bright,
At TATLER business there's no doubt
But that he is a shining light.

Stanley Beck.

Stanley, Stanley, so quaint and so droll,
You may stand near the head of the Junior roll,
But unless you Chaucer learn,
You a Senior's colors will never earn.

Hattie Bilderbeck.

This pretty maid, so tiny and small,
Has for her motto upon the wall,
"Giggle, giggle, all the day,
Time to work and time to play."

Myrtle Boals.

This maiden of the three-on class
Plays the piano from morn till night,
Plays for chorus, orchestra and glee club too,
But we all like it, as she plays all right.

Lovie Blanton.

A pleasant nod and a cheery call
Has made for Lovie friends of all,
But listen to this tale I unfold,
It's only one who her heart can hold.

Mabel Coyle.

Here is a modest and shy (?) little girl.
Who sets the masculine heart in a whirl,
With her rosy cheeks and her teeth of pearl,
And locks of spun silk that are wont to curl.

Laura Dietz.

That she's Ida's chum, you scarce can doubt,
For to tell the truth they're seldom apart;
To part with her would break her heart,
And cause them both to frown and pout.

Lulu Feldwisch.

Oh, she is most divinely fair,
With flushed cheeks and golden hair
And when you gaze into her eyes
You catch reflected summer skies.





Senia Fiedler.

It's the whole ambition of this young maid,
To hear it often of her said,
She can read Chaucer without a wink
And even doesn't stop to think.

Clara Fiedler.

Of yellow curls this maid boasts not a few,
But I'll tell you, Juniors, what to do.
If nature failed to send you some,
Just ask Miss Clara to lend you one.

Rex Gary.

Here is the president of the class,
Who, even a Senior cannot surpass,
He is foremost in flag raising we all know,
Even though he is small, he's by no means slow.

Howard Glen.

Howard Glen, a young Junior so jolly,
Who never indulges in youthful folly.
For he has found that it's harder to pass,
If one has demerits in great mass.

Florence and Frances Harris.

Florence and Frances are twins,
At their studies they're sharks you'll agree,
If they should fail, they surely would wail,
And that's a fact as you can see.

Nelson Hawkins.

We, as a class, are ashamed to think
That you should look at a Junior wink.
Speak up, hoy, say it's not true!
That's the privilege of all Juniors to do.

Emily Hoefer.

Emily Hoefer, the next in the class,
Is a most attractive looking lass,
For neat and prim she's sure to be,
With this I think you'll all agree.

Helen Holl.

This pretty maiden, bright and fair,
Has quite a superfluous amount of hair.
And although Ernest takes her eye,
We must not tell it, you or I.

Helen Hope.

Does Helen hope a nurse to be,
As often we have heard her say?
If her picture she would let you see,
That she's a pretty nurse you'd say to me.

Paul Jacoby.

This tiny boy can well indite
Poetry, poetry all day and night,
But of his lessons come what may,
Paul never has very much to say.

Elizabeth Johnstone.

An athletic girl
Who plays in the gym,
She admires them both,
But is partial to Jim.

Angelica Kauffman.

A maiden of keen intellect,
A writer truly great;
Before her time she, so they say,
Will be a graduate.

Eva Lavenue.

This maid is a Junior too,
And school is not all she has to do,
For she can make a piano hum,
With her one can have a lot of fun.

Ruth McHolland.

This maiden dark has never sought
Forgetfulness of toil,
But mingles with the kings of thought,
And burns the midnight oil.

Jennie McKee.

This popular member of the Junior class
In everything has managed to pass,
And has always had too much spunk
To ever learn the meaning of "flunk."





Ruth Moran.

This is a maiden sweet and fair,
All who know her love her well,
With rosycheeks and blaxen hair,
She is dearer than words can tell.

Ruby Russell.

Ruby lips has Ruby Russell,
Rosy cheeks also has she,
Eyes so blue and hair so curly,
She's fair and buxom all agree.

Pearl Summers.

This wondrous maiden does possess
A high soprano voice,
Which causes one to stop his fun,
And listen and rejoice.

Elliott F. Taylor.

One who might as Angelo pose,
His artistic genius everyone knows;
And in his music he does so well,
That even Witherspoon he may excel.

Mary Wilson.

She's a giggler of great renown,
Has never been known to wear a frown;
She giggles and giggles from morn till night,
For giggling is her greatest delight.

Cora Wuerker.

Cora, a Junior, tall and fair,
Is a worker with whom none can compare,
But of all the boys she has met
She cares more for one, a brave cadet.

Prima Oratio de Senioribus pro Junioribus.

NOW at last, Seniors, the time has come when you must answer to us, the Juniors. Thus far we have let you remain a reproach to the High School, but now your day of reckoning is at hand. We have easily overpowered you with our brilliancy, wisdom, dignity, reputation and courage. For where in any class but the Junior is found such remarkable brilliancy as in our own Edith Browne? Who can surpass in wisdom our second Cicero, August Luer? As to dignity the Editor-in-Chief of *THE TATLER* is justly noted among us all for his dignified carriage. Moreover, our enviable reputation with the faculty has elevated us to the position of a pattern for the Freshmen. The fact still remains that William Pace, brave boy, saved the lives of your entire class by facing death in capturing a venomous reptile which had made its escape from the menagerie of Mr. Kraft, while your courageous youths from places of safety gazed in wild-eyed amazement, and your ladies fair, perched upon desks with their skirts gathered around their ankles, screamed in terror, and even the followers of the fair Diana, your huntress brave and bold, Weady, could do nothing but join the wild chorus for want of her gun.

Oh, what a class! A class that would harbor among its members eight so cowardly as to hunt the smallest Junior boy and by preponderance of numbers overpower and bind him hand and foot, trying unsuccessfully to force from him his colors. Think of it, eight to one! But had this small Junior had strength to match his brave heart, the outcome might have been different. Did the shameless miscreants think for one moment that their foul deed would not be found out? Oh, the disgrace of it! You do not seem to take the matter to heart, but we, the under classes, have to share the dishonor. We "blush to think upon this ignominy," yet glory in the fight of the youth who still retains his banner.

Who but a thoughtless Senior would so desecrate the statue of Shakespeare as to place a little red cap upon the poet's head like a red fez on a hungry Turk? But fortunately the famous bard's dignity was re-established by a respectful Junior, who, equal to the occasion, removed the offending article. Have you no reverence for

the memory of the great men of the past whose thoughts and words have echoed and re-echoed around the world, whose works have been the inspiration of poets, actors and literary men and women for generations, and whose sayings have been quoted and studied by millions?

Oh, ye Seniors and graduates, to show our generosity and mercy we shall allow you one month more to redeem your reputation and improve your manners. Make the most of your few remaining weeks; remember "time and tide wait for no man." Forget your indolence and insolence and have more reverence for the ancient worthies and those in authority. Study to be courageous, and, while you may never hope to have the push and bravery of a Roosevelt, you may at least escape from being mollycoddles.

HARRIET FORBES, '10.

The Blue and the Gold.

Aurora comes with gentle rosy fingers,
Touching soft the wide-spread veil of night,
Casting forth her limpid rays of light;
Then on the far horizon slow she lingers,
While in the east the golden sun appeareth,
Scattering far dull night, whose work is done:
Thus Phœbus hath his daily course again begun,
Awakening sleeping earth, with light that cheereth.
Now is seen the wondrous azure sky,
As the sun high in the heaven advances.
Piercing shadows with his sunbeam lances,
Revealing gorgeous beauty to the eye.
And as the splendors of the dawn unfold,
Behold in all, our colors, blue and gold.

J. W., '10.

A Prophecy of the Class of 1910.

O Muse, I have a glorious subject !
Ever shall I sing of it.
'Tis the class of worthy Juniors,
Class that all the honor takes,
For I sing of strength and beauty,
 Sing of glory, youth and pride,
And the glow of brightest future
 That before us dazzling lies.
I see the smoke of mighty battle,
 I hear the wounded weakly cry,
Impetuous charge of blue clad soldiers
 Led by one with sword on high ;
'Tis a member of our High School,
 Of the class of nineteen ten;
Ever in the battle leading
 Are the coming Junior men.
Wait ! Another vision softly
 Steals across my watchful eye:
'Tis the mother by her cradle,
 Hear the tiny infant cry !
'Tis a member of our High School,
 Of the class of nineteen ten,
Proudest mother in the country
 Lifted now in reveries high.
I cite no idle dream of poet,
'Tis the reading of a seer,
Prophecy of future greatness;
Who knows what in the shadow lies?
First in all the mighty battles,
First in all the tender homes,
Are the faces of our classmates,
Of the year of nineteen ten.

The Race of the Brown and the Gold.



IT WAS a cold February day : the wind was howling and the snowflakes were flying, but the coliseum was filled with pupils. Pleasure, delight, warmth and expectancy glowed on their faces : they had come to view one of the greatest races which the world had ever known, greater than any the Greeks had ever witnessed, far greater than any Marathon race in the annals of history. Everyone was talking excitedly, and confusion reigned. But soon the contestants came forth, the great class of 1911. As they appeared in the arena and took their places, silence fell on the spectators, the pupils of the Alton High School ; all eyes were turned to look for the leader, and Frances took her place.

A nod from Rex, the time-keeper, Mr. Richardson, the umpire, and Mr. King, the coach, started us on the first entry, which was a hurdle race. The first hurdles were simple and easy to get over, but then came three-sided ones, next four, and finally the funniest round hurdles, over which we found, after several attempts, that we could only roll. After we had leaped the first circle, the audience cheered wildly, making the second one easier. But when we came to a mixture of circles, lines, angles, triangles, quadrilaterals and polygons, we certainly wished that Euclid had never invented such mental gymnastics as geometry. With many a roar and hoot from the spectators we finished this race victorious, having conquered a circle inscribed in a triangle.

While we were being allowed a few minutes' rest, we gathered together to look over the rules and regulations for the next great event. During the interim, shouts of laughter from the audience aroused us to see what caused the fun, and, as we glanced up, there appeared on the other side of the race course a decrepit old man, who begged admission. On coming nearer to us we found him to be really young, but so marred with meanness and marked with trouble that he looked old. He told us that his name was Demerit, and that he wanted to take part in our race. After talking among ourselves, we decided not to admit him, as we wanted everything fair and clean, with no misdemeanor or dishonorable act to deface our record, so Demerit hobbled off to look for another field.

Demerit had just disappeared when we heard the sound of horses' hoofs and the loud cries of the grooms. There appeared in the doorway a chariot drawn by four horses and driven by no less renowned a person than Julius Cæsar himself. He reached the place where we stood, the empty chariots following him, and raised his hand. He had a message for the Junior class of 1911. He wanted us to occupy the chariots which he had brought and go with him to help conquer the Helvetians, the Belgians, the Venetians and the Aquitanians, who, after having been once repressed, had again arisen, and who must be subdued. A determined look came over our faces; we would race with Cæsar and win. After being assigned to the different chariots, we waited eagerly for the beginning. The signal was given, and we were off. Cæsar gained the inside wall. On we went, but being unskilled horsemen, our progress was slow; our horses stumbled; Cæsar was so far ahead that our chance of winning was poor. Some stratagem must be used. We were on the last round; some fifty feet lay before us; Cæsar was still ahead, but we had gained a little. One of our courageous members, coming near him at the last turn, spoke to him in Latin. Such a smile came over his face that in the excitement of the moment he lost control of his horses, and we rushed ahead of him, and amid wild cheers reached the goal, victors over one of the greatest men in the world's history.

Having had a short rest, we now started upon the home run. An apparently smooth path lay before us, but the many obstacles lying in the way proved this to be a mistaken idea, and such stumbling blocks as Woolley, Chaucer and Shakespeare caused no end of trouble, but finally the Juniors were found to be invincible. Some of us victoriously reached debate, others the *Piasa Quill*, amid the loud halloo from the amphitheatre, and finally, we all gained the main goal, THE TATLER, where in the cool and peaceful atmosphere we sat down very much wearied by our long race.

We were greeted with such remarks as, "What a great class!" "That class of 1911!" "How steady in work and unfaltering in purpose!" "The very best race that we have ever had in the Alton High School!" Then both our brains and muscles felt strong again, and we left the coliseum with the pupils, all crying as they went, "Three cheers for the class of 1911!"

A. KAUFFMAN, '11.

The Mountains of Colorado.

NE OF COLORADO'S many points of interest and probably the chief attraction for tourists is its beautiful mountain scenery. From Denver the mountains appear as one great unbroken chain with a few large, snow-topped peaks in the rear. This chain extends from Pike's Peak in the extreme south to Long's Peak in the north. This general view is, indeed, beautiful and grand, but not nearly so much so, as the one which is obtained from the midst of the mountains.

There are two distinct classes of mountain scenery—the rocky type like the canyon, and the panoramic view, which one gets by looking from the tops down over the others and out over the vast extent of the plains. The latter, I think, is by far the more beautiful, but the former more grand.

As you enter the mountains, the first things that you see are the foothills, covered with rocks and sagebrush. These hills become more numerous and rocky as you go up into the canyon, and after you have ascended a few miles, the typical mountains of the canyon are seen. And, if you linger for a few moments, and gaze at the wonderful grandeur of the rocks and notice how each barrier seems to overlap the other so that the railroad track must thread its way up the canyon in a very crooked course, I am sure you will wish to stay just a little longer, to sit down and look. Then perhaps you will examine the rocks about you, and will find them to be of various kinds, but principally sandstone. Your eyes will fall upon the mountain stream, sparkling in the sunlight, dashing at large boulders as if it wished to make them get out of its way, rolling bright, round pebbles out of their places, and rushing on and on down the canyon. On each side of the stream rise the rocky, jagged cliffs, dotted here and there with the stumps of old dead pine trees.

Winding around these abrupt cliffs the track rises higher on the mountains, and, at last, when you arrive at the summit a grand view is obtained, far as the eye can see, nothing but mountains, some higher than others. If the one from which you look is higher than others, a broad, distant view of the plains may be seen. As you begin to take notice of the beauties around you, the verdure on the

mountains will perhaps first attract your attention. Along the sides and in the gulches and valleys dense groves of pine trees relieve the monotony of the barren hills. Now and then a small grove of mountain ash trees with their bright yellow leaves affords a change of color from the green of the pines. After you have been satisfied by looking, you will take a seat on some old pine log or small boulder. And while sitting and viewing the picture before you, you will ask yourself unconsciously, "How can any one disbelieve in a God, a Supreme Being, the maker of all these glorious sights?" And is it not so, dear readers, the nearer you get to the miracles and mysteries of this Creator, the more you are inspired with reverence, and you wonder why you had ever had the least doubt of His existence, and you at once determine to do better in the future?

Above the timber line there is very little of interest but high peaks covered with perpetual snow. The train passes through seemingly endless snow sheds and tunnels, and after the first glimpse of the snow-clad mountains, the trip through this section becomes very monotonous.

There are in Colorado innumerable just such scenes as I have described. On any trip to the mountains the canyon scenery is found, since all railroads take the course up the canyon to avoid steep grades. Royal Gorge is probably the best known and grandest of this type. Georgetown Loop, Silver Plume, the Cripple Creek Short Line and Switzerland Trail are types where the scenery is most beautiful, and Pike's Peak especially is a good view-point. Long's Peak and Continental Divide are of the perpetual snow type. Their lofty tops are seldom, if ever, seen without the white mantle of snow, which makes a very pretty picture by moonlight.

In conclusion I wish to say, if any one should visit Colorado, do not be contented with a passing glimpse of the mountains, but stay a short time and see the pride of Colorado.

FRED HAEBERLE,
(Formerly of the Class of '10.)

The Typical High School Boy.

 HE modern high school boy stands in a class by himself, unique and comical. He is neither so matured as the college man, nor so juvenile as the grade school lad. Indeed, to his own mind, the gulf between high and grade schools is immense. Twenty-five years ago Mark Twain and other writers of the time pictured him bashful, self-conscious, lank and thin with large hands and feet somewhat loosely attached to his person, and clad in a skin-tight nankeen suit, Eton collar and copper-toed boots. To-day he is so changed that Mark would not recognize his Tom Sawyer nor Whittier his "barefoot boy with cheek o' tan."

True, he is lank, thin and long-legged, but he hides the facts in a coat hanging below his knees and trousers rolled up above them, while his bony shins are displayed in a multitudinous array of colors grouped in striking combinations. True, his hands and feet are large, but he remedies the one by encasing them in a pair of skin-tight kid gloves, and accentuates the other by wearing enormous brogans called university shoes. When shoes were smaller, they passed under the name of college ramblers, but, as the size grew, nothing less than university would do. If they grow still larger—but hush—'tis impossible!

He still has his mop of hair, as unmanageable as ever, but it graces his head in an enormous pompadour, brushed back from forehead to collar. On top of this wonder sits a cap several sizes too small, appearing to be mainly visor. We learn that this cap was specially invented to keep the pompadour down (*i.e.*, necessity is the mother of invention).

However great the change in habiliment, it is not to be compared to the change in manners. Bashfulness and self-consciousness seems to have disappeared with copper-toes and Eton jackets. Instead, he accompanies the young lady of his choice to and from school, demands fudge, shakes hands with everybody he knows upon all opportunities, and wants a carriage for the next dance.

In place of our chore boy and cheerful imitator of the birds, we have the young paragon who plays football and whistles the airs from the latest comic opera. At any rate America will not suffer, so says the High School boy.



THE SOPHOMORES.



Second Year—Second Section



Second Year—Second Section

SECOND YEAR—SECOND SECTION.

Colors : Light Blue and Black.

OFFICERS:

President,	Joseph McMullen
Vice-President,	Hermon Cole
Secretary,	Carl Hartmann
Treasurer,	Pearl Steele

Ione Bierman,	Gertrude Kelsey,
Dorothy Browne,	Bertha Lee,
Kathryn Burns,	Katherine Lee,
Elizabeth Caldwell,	Walter Levis,
Sidway Clement,	Edith Lowe,
Hermon Cole,	Joseph McMullen,
Myra Dawson,	Gertrude Maul,
Helen Didlake,	Mary Moll,
Ruth Dorsey,	Frederic Norton,
Hazel Eaton,	Amelia Ringemann,
William Eberhardt,	Frances Robertson,
Wilbur Ellison,	Irene Ruddy,
Elmer Fecht,	Mildred Rutledge,
May Foreman,	John Ryrie,
Florence Fowler,	Mabel Shearlock,
Ruth Glassbrenner,	Marcella Sherwood,
Eugene Grosh,	Pearl Steele,
Mabel Hart,	Marjorie Taylor,
Carl Hartmann,	Julia Thorn,
Clara Hawkins,	Carl Volz,
William Hearne,	Edith Wade,
Elinor Hewitt,	Josephine Waldrip,
Stella Jackson,	Ethel Wilson,
Verneda Jacoby,	Rosalie Zaugg.

The Associated Shades of the Sophomores.

T was the year 2009 at the bewitching hour of midnight, when all nature is asleep and fireflies and will-o-the-wisps fly about. The moon, silently roving overhead, sent down a weird, melancholy smile in the shape of a beam upon the slumbering little town of Alton. The stars sparkled brighter than ever before and whispered among themselves that there was going to be something of eventful importance very soon.

All, however, was very quiet until the great bell in the dome of the ancient Church of Saint Mary pealed out twelve long, doleful strokes. Just then a mighty rushing, roaring and sighing was heard as that of great waters, and my bewildered eyes saw a cloud of white approaching the High School. Mysteriously it moved along in one body. Presently, however, my heart gave a great bound, for lo, I saw in the distance that this host of objects, garbed in ghostly white, was none other than the vivid shades of the dear old class of '11. Soon the shade of "Little Joe" explained the mystery to me by arising and saying that, after having received the cheerful approbation of the classmates, he had accordingly planned a banquet and entertainment in the downstairs hallway of the High School. Naturally the result was such a great deal of talking and merrymaking that there was some difficulty in calling the meeting to order. At length Mildred opened the program with a piano solo, "Narcissus," which proved a great success. Following it came a theme on "Lover's Lane," by modest Frederic who was, indeed, so bashful that he remained standing for at least three minutes trying to pronounce the first word. This selection naturally produced great merriment, for, in truth, all wondered if he had trod the path of which he so glibly spoke. The most exciting feature was yet in store, for Elinor, Hazel and Ruth took the affirmative in a debate entitled, "Resolved, That Rats Should Take the Place of Hats," while Irene, Gertrude and Mabel took the negative. At this juncture the shades of Carl, William and Elmer, as usual, came in late. The program then proceeded with a violin solo by Carl Hartmann, a second Paganini. After this selection the slim, delicate shade of Kathryn arose and gave a thrilling oration on Shakespeare. All of this was excellent, as I have heretofore said, but fair Gertrude's genius must have an

outlet. Her essay on "How to Obtain E's on One's Report" showed a practical knowledge of her subject. At this juncture, the refreshment committee, Ethel, Julia, Myra and Marjorie, bent their sagacious heads together and suddenly vanished. In the meantime we enjoyed a solo, "When My Cadet Left Me," by Ione. Just then the signal rang, and delicate refreshments were served. During the social chat which ensued, a shrill whistle was heard and merry peals of laughter from the gymnasium. Upon investigation the boys were found playing an exciting game of basketball, in which Jack proved himself a star player.

At last when the class was together once more in the hallway, a soft, gentle voice cried out: "My children, you must now depart for it is nearly dawn; Aurora will overtake you." It was the call of the queen of shades, Fate, and with one accord the spirits vanished as they had assembled, in a cloud, and all was again hushed and still.

MAY FOREMAN, '11.

IN ROMAN HISTORY.

John Shine: "Miss Rich, didn't Mr. Richardson read about Solon's temple yesterday morning?"

Teacher: "Who were the Jacobites?"

Joseph Wright: "The descendants of Jacob."

Mr. Watson: "What is another name for a hot bed?"

Clark W.: "A green house."

Cupid, the Chauffeur.

FOR twelve months Julia's mind had been in a constant state of uncertainty. Should it be Jack or Edward? She was not the only one in doubt, however, for the whole neighborhood was in as much of a quandary as she. The general opinion was that Edward, with his many accomplishments, polished manners and handsome, almost girlish face, would win the race; but, just at the time that these were congratulating themselves on their



judgment, Jack would step to the front, and Edward would receive what is known as "the cold shoulder" for a while.

Jack, although by no means ugly, was not strikingly handsome, his attractiveness being in his manly, athletic build, rather than in

his face, while on the other hand Edward's handsome features were the envy of many and the talk of all. Jack's anger was hard to arouse, but, when irritated he was a person to be avoided; Edward was quickly angered, but his was not the dangerous kind. They were the opposite in almost every respect, even to their hair, one's being light, the other's dark. Lately it had been noticed that Jack was playing a losing game, and he was at last reduced to the humility of hearing a rumor of her engagement to the other. At this, the last straw, his ire flared up hotly, and springing into his red motor car he ran through town at a rate that gave many doubts as to his sanity. It was well he did not meet Edward.

Gradually his anger died out and gave way to silent grief. After a while he slowed down to a snail's pace and crept along the road as if going to a funeral. Afternoon faded into twilight, and a great, heavy fog came down and blotted out everything, and still the mammoth red car crept on, unheeding. Big drops began to make spots on the leather cushions, but still he took no notice.

Suddenly he stopped and listened. Another auto was coming along behind him, and wishing to be alone, he drew over to the side to let it pass. At first all he could see through the mist was the lights shining like two stars. Then came a green car which looked familiar, and on the front seat wrapped in fur sat Edward. In a second Jack's anger returned, and he would have shouted, but something in the back seat sealed his lips, and he said nothing. He looked twice to be sure and was satisfied beyond all doubt. It was Julia Melburne!

The next instant the mist blotted out everything, and he was alone again. Prudence said to keep still, for he had not been seen; he knew that, but something else in him bade him follow, and he did. Edward, hearing the noise of another car behind and thinking it was the police auto, increased his speed, although he was exceeding the speed limit already. Jack followed, but was slowly left behind. One mile, two miles, three miles, and still Jack did not gain, although he had long ceased to lose. Then something under the green car snapped; there was a rattle, a bump, and the machine came to a standstill. It was lucky for all concerned that Jack was not keeping the same track as the one taken by Edward, or both cars would have been demolished. As it was, the green auto lost a step. Jack lessened his speed, and reversing, returned to the scene of the accident. Edward was swearing luridly into the sleeves of his fur coat.

"Aren't you ashamed to scare us so?" cried Julia reprovingly, as soon as the shock of surprise was over.

"I am very sorry, I didn't mean to, honest. You've broken your chain, Ed," he said dubiously eyeing the six feet of chain which hung from under the car.

"I say, Jack, would you be so kind as to take Miss Melburne home? I should not ask you, but you see I'll have to be towed."

"No trouble at all, I'll be delighted," said Jack with a welcome smile.

So they started, she in the back seat. They had not gone far before she wanted to come over into the front seat. He complied, and the change was made.

"What's the matter with you, Jack, you look as sour as a lemon?" she asked innocently, it seemed to Jack, as her words did not betray what she felt.

For answer Jack looked her full in the face, and what she read there spoke better than words.

Neither said another word until the house was reached. Then Jack turned to her; his face was white and set.

"Good-bye, Julia, I should like to take you riding before I leave for Europe; it will be too late when I come back."

She caught his meaning and answered:

"I will go now," and she took the front seat again.

With his hand on the throttle he turned to her and asked:

"Where to?"

"Europe!" said the girl,—and they went.

HERMON COLE, '11.

A Modern Fairy Tale.



N^{OLO} was the oldest son of the great Chief Mecan. His only pastime was to hunt and fish. One day he took his rod and tackle and started for his father's lake. He had the extremely good luck to catch a small perch, which he was about to put into his basket when he heard a deep voice say :

"Kill me not, sir, but tell me your greatest desire, and I shall grant it on the condition that, when you come into possession of your wish, you will do a favor for me."

Nolo asked to be king of a much wiser people than any then on earth. Much to his surprise he saw far up the stream, which ran into the lake, a cloud of dust and smoke, but, before he had time to speak, the machine which had caused the commotion, had approached him and had stopped with a sharp click. Out jumped a man with long hair and whiskers, who ordered Nolo to get in, and before the king knew what had happened, he was speeding away toward his new kingdom.

In a few minutes they came to the sea, but the car did not stop, but skimmed over the waters like a large sea fowl. Suddenly they came in sight of some islands, but the fact that they were directly in their path did not seem to trouble Nufus, the driver, for, when they almost touched the islands, he pulled a lever, which caused the wheels to stop and the propeller to start, and with the aid of the gas-filled, bag-like top they easily cleared the lofty mountains. When they had been traveling for about half an hour, Nolo saw a dark green cloud above them. Nufus pulled the lever, and the car shot up.

"This," he said, "is the home of the wisest living people, and you are to be our king. Yonder is the palace."

Nolo entered to find, upon closing the door, a long arm of wood reaching out from the wall to take his hat and coat. He searched the house, but found no servants. When he came to the dining room, he saw a number of keys like those of a type-writer, only they were labeled turkey, chicken, pie, cake, etc. He pressed one of these, and it responded by bringing the edibles corresponding to the name upon the keys. When he had eaten his dinner and had pressed the key labeled empty, all the dishes disappeared. The key bearing auto im-

mediately brought an auto puffing in front of his door. Likewise every convenience was at his wish.

Thus the king lived happily and held court for many days until one day some of his subjects said :

"Every one in the Empire of Oma is going on a trip to the moon in the airship White Wing. Will not His Great Majesty accompany his humble servants?"

But Nolo haughtily replied : "Do you think I have time for such foolishness?"

In revenge one of his subjects cut the wires leading to the great table. The next day the people of Oma all departed in the airship, which ascended like a great white bird, and was soon out of sight.

Nolo saw all this, then started to his table for breakfast, but on the way he saw a little perch flopping on the floor. He went to pick it up, but much to his surprise it turned into a handsome little dwarf, who said :

"Nolo, king of the wisest living people, do you remember when you promised to do me a favor if I would grant your wish? I have granted your wish and have come to ask a favor."

The king was now in great terror, for he did not know what the favor might be. He was so frightened that his teeth chattered, his eyes twitched, his legs smote together, and his hair stood on end.

Then the dwarf said : "Nolo, there is no need of all this terror; I have come only to dine with you. But, if you do not get me a good meal within half an hour, you shall die."

Nolo thought of his wonderful table, and his mind was put at ease.

"Follow me, good friend, we shall dine at once."

He spent the first twenty-five minutes in conversation, thinking to surprise his guest with a very hasty meal.

Suddenly he touched a button, which to his dismay did not respond as usual, so he consoled himself with the thought that perhaps there was no more soup. Then he pressed another, and another, with the same effect. The half hour lacked twenty seconds of being up when he pressed the last button. At exactly the half hour the dwarf threw up a large pill which hit on Nolo's head and turned him into a white vapor, and sometimes on a hot day he can be seen floating up in the sky.

JOSEPH McMULLEN, '11.



Second Year—First Section

SECOND YEAR—FIRST SECTION.

Colors : Dark Blue and Black.

OFFICERS :

President,	Paul Zerwekh
Vice-President,	Lucian Taylor
Secretary and Treasurer,	Edith Tonsor

Hildegarde Ash,	Laura Kitzmiller,
Louise Bailey,	Frieda Koch,
Tula Baker,	Carl Luer,
Grace Beecher,	Evelyn McPherson,
Grace Bissland,	Mary March,
Chester Bowen,	Max Masel,
John Boyle,	George Ott,
Bert Busse,	Mary Ryrie,
Nina Cartwright,	Gladys Schneider,
Freda Darr,	Hilda Stafford,
Elsie Dawson,	Martha Stanly,
Anna Feldwisch,	Marie Strunge,
Marie Floss,	Lucian Taylor,
Lillian Gaddis,	Edith Tonsor,
Sidney Gaskins,	Archa Trabue,
Flora Glen,	Vernon Wade,
Ethel Greeling,	George Walker,
Louise Gregory,	Eugene Webb,
Lyle Hartford,	Robert Whetzel,
Bert Henney,	Myrtle Williams,
Marie Hunter,	Matilda Yager,

Paul Zerwekh.

Sophomore Class--Second Section.

*Resolved, That the Class of February, 1912, Is
Superior to Any Other Class in the High School.*



HONORABLE judges, ladies and gentlemen, we wish to prove to you that this class is superior, first, because it is practical; second, because it is economical. We show that we are practical by the diversity of our occupations. We have a famous minister, Beecher, a well-known explorer, Stanly, a Baker and a Koch, as well as a Taylor. We have a brilliant Webb, although the Weber has departed, and we can even boast a (floor) Walker. Last, but not least, we have an implement, a Toole, which can be put to almost any use. Our colors, navy blue and white, are more practical than those of any other class, for even Yale has adopted them. This fact must prove to you that they are popular and practical, that they "have worked and are working."

My second point deals with the economic side of the question. We saved time: first, by entering six months earlier than the regular Freshman Class; second, by being the first class to finish the prescribed year and one-half of Algebra in one year. We are economical of space, as well, for we would not be so extravagant as to keep the fifty seats which we occupied upon our entrance, so some of our members sacrificed themselves for the public good and dropped out, leaving us thirty-seven. We have practiced such rigid economy in the use of our books and brains that we have received more demerits than any other class. Here we must thank our most economical members, Helen, Sidney, Bert and Harry, who have run up a high score of demerits. The class in general has been so economical that we have never had a class function of any kind, and this undoubtedly proves my point.

Therefore, honorable judges, from these facts which we have submitted to you, it is evident that our class is practical and economical, that it has worked and is working, and consequently that it is the greatest class the school has ever seen.

MARTHA STANLY, '12.



FRESHMEN.



First Year—Second Section

First Year—Second Section



FIRST YEAR—SECOND SECTION.

Colors: Moss Green and Old Gold.

OFFICERS.

President,	Taylor Hyatt
Vice President,	Ruby Rosebery
Secretary and Treasurer,	Winifred Johnston

Emma Ballenger,	Florence Hurley,
Lelia Bauer,	Taylor Hyatt,
Harry Beck,	Winifred Johnson,
Dora Bennes,	Viola Joyce,
Ilda Bertman,	William Jungeblut,
Karl Bockstruck,	George Juttemeyer,
Frederick Bowman,	Joseph Kohler,
Robert Bradshaw,	Leonard Korte,
Charles Brawn,	Grace Little,
Calanthe Brueggeman	Edith Lagemann,
Walter Burns,	John Lemp,
Bessie Button,	Harry Mahens,
Vivienne Carter,	Adelia Meyer,
Henry Carstens,	Bessie Morris,
Gordon Cousley,	Emma Morris,
Dell Dahlstrom,	Electa Musick,
Coeina Donnelly,	Paul Neff,
Elizabeth Dorman,	Blanche Peters,
Elmer Faulstich,	Upha Peters,
Grace Fiedler,	Cora Pile,
Edna Fischer,	Agnes Powell,
Marie Fitzgerald,	Clara Randolph,
Madeline Gervig,	Adeline Reis,
Harry Getsinger,	Ernest Rennebaum,
Louise Gillham,	Ruby Rosebery,
Alice Green,	Reba Russell,
Eula Green,	Mary Schmidt,
Harry Gwinner,	Lola Scott.
Mabel Hammons,	Mildred Scott,
Malcolm Harris,	John Shine,
Margaret Harris,	George Smith,
Engelbert Hanerken,	Hilda Straube,
Thomas Haycraft,	Bertha Stutz,
Ada Henkin,	Helen Toole,
Ada Henderson,	Ethel Waltrip,
Pearl Hopson,	Irving Winter,
Frances Hurlbutt,	Nellie Zimmerman.

The Freshman Class—Second Section.

Dear "Freshies" 'tis of thee,
Of 1912 are we,
Of thee I sing.
A class ignored the most,
Whom Sophs and Juniors roast;
But, for all that we boast
We're just the thing.

We're infants now of course,
You tell us till you're hoarse,
 But stop your fuss.
E'en infants grow apace,
And in a three years' space,
All with the best of grace,
 You'll hear from us.

There'll never be a class,
That we will not surpass,
 We do it now.
With Irving we will rate,
A Scott and Burns so great,
And to their high estate,
 You all must bow.

We're patriotic too,
Fling out our banner true
 Float it on high.
Blazoned thereon are seen
Our Randolph, Taylor, Green,
On it our watchword keen,
 "We'll do or die."

BLANCHE PETERS, '12.

Freshman Class History.



THE Freshman Class of this year is quite large, being composed of seventy-five pupils. When we entered High School in September, we were placed in the northwest corner of the Assembly Hall, so that we would be able to run if anything frightened us. We were quite bewildered as to where to go and what to do. We were continually getting lost in the corridors or running into the wrong class-room, only to turn around with a very red face and to disappear as quickly as possible. The schedule and the number of credits were great mysteries to us, but they were at last made clear by our friend, Mr. Richardson. We found the teachers to be very sympathetic, and even the "Lady from India" does not frighten us now.

We greatly admire the skill of the teachers, for we have learned something from each one. From Miss Wempen we have learned that " $a + b = c$," while from Miss Hutchinson we have learned to speak German and Latin, and to say "I love you" in both languages. From Miss Bixler we have learned to write exciting little stories, while from Miss McCarthy we learned the number of bones and muscles in the body, and from Miss Gilmore some of us learned the art of elocution.

"The Lady from India" caused a great disturbance by falling from her perch. The result was that many bones were broken, but she has been put together by Dr. McCarthy.

One morning a gentleman friend of Miss Wempen called on her when she was hearing a class. Miss Wempen blushed a pretty red and ran to the back of the room. She was greatly embarrassed, for the visitor proved to be a small gray mouse, which scampered away as soon as he saw so many people.

We are especially proud of our High School spirit which we showed in the parade in honor of the Lincoln and Douglas debate. Being the recipients of the prize of five dollars, which was offered for the largest percentage of pupils in the parade in honor of the debate, added greatly to our glory. We feel that being called Freshie is not so terrible; in fact, we are beginning to like the name, and will hate to part with it when we become Sophomores. We shall try to prove that everything that is great must have a small beginning, and we hope that, although we are small now, we shall be great bye and bye.

DELL DAHLSTROM, '12.



First Year—First Section

First Year—First Section



FIRST YEAR—FIRST SECTION.

Colors: White and Gold.

OFFICERS:

President,	Joseph Ramp
Vice-President,	Walter Sigloch
Secretary and Treasurer,	Eunice Whitney

Newton Baker	Viola Miller
Dollie Ballenger	Frank Morfoot
David Benner	Mae Nickels
Thomas Berry	Helen Ott
Elmer Bierbaum	Courtney Perrin
Helen Boals	Leonard Pratz
Edith Bradish	Roland Radecke
Flora Broglie	Joseph Ramp
Cecilia Busch	Flora Riley
William Frederick	Walter Rundel
Alice Freeman	Joseph Scherer
Johannah Gerbig	Karl Scherer
Vera Graeling	Homer Sheets
Leo Grosh	Edith Sheff
Thyrza Grommet	Walter Sigloch
Lula Halsey	Russel Stewart
August Hanold	William Stritmatter
Harold Harford	Adele Strubel
Phoebe Herbert	Bessie Sutton
Ruth Kinney	Emil Ullrich
Leo Kleinschmittger	Annabel Wayman
Frank Koehne	Lillian Weber
Earl Linkogle	Stella Weber
Bessie McKee	Anna Werts
Katherine Meriwether	Eunice Whitney
Bennie Merkle	Edward Winkler

The Freshman Class, the First Section.

From Lincoln School across the town
Right merrily they came,
Each lad and lass without a frown
So sure were they of fame :
High up, the eyes of the Freshmen gaze
Midst the years of the Seniors bold,
And tact and training the Freshman displays
Neerth the scorn of the Sophomores cold.

CContent are they in their new regime,
Latin and English and all the rest,
And study time's a pleasant dream.
So anxious are they to do their best,
Succeed they must in the four year's test.

THYRZA GROMMET, '13.

Class Poem.

We are Freshies numberless,
We're Freshies of the A. H. S.,
We're not afraid of what you do,
I guess we'll manage to live thru.
The Seniors think they're the whole affair,
But they needn't worry, we'll soon be there.
The Sophs think also they are it,
They talk and try to make a hit.
But we poor Freshies are timid yet,
For we are afraid of a demerit.
The Juniors think we need a bath,
But they are afraid of the teachers' wrath,
But we laugh at all of them, nevertheless,
For we are Freshies of the A. H. S.

HAROLD HARFORD, '13.





ORCHESTRA.

FIRST VIOLINS:

Harold Curdie.
Kirk Mook.
Joseph Degenhardt.
B. C. Richardson, *Leader*.

SECOND VIOLINS:

Carl Hartmann.
Chester Bowen.
Wm. Eberhardt.
Homer Sheets.
Wm. Strittmatter.

CORNETS:

Emil Ullrich.
Elmer Bierbaum.

DOUBLE BASS:

Paul Jacoby.

DRUM:

Bert Henney.

PIANO:

Myrtle Boals.

The Boys' Glee Club.

FIRST TENOR.

Newton Baker,	Leonard Korte,
Elmer Bierbaum,	Paul Neff,
Harry Beck,	Lucian Taylor,
Bert Busse,	Joseph Scherer,
Malcolm Harris,	Homer Sheets,
August Hanold,	Russell Stewart,
Paul Jacoby,	

SECOND TENOR.

Harold Curdie,	E. S. Taylor,
Walter Levis,	E. F. Taylor,
Nelson Schweppe,	Joseph Wright,
John Shine,	

FIRST BASS.

Elden Betts,	Taylor Hyatt,
Frederick Bowman,	Fred McPike,
James Coleman,	Kirk Mook,
John Carstens,	Courtney Perrin,
Joe Degenhardt,	Walter Sigloch,
William Eberhardt,	Walter Stowell,
Wilbur Ellison,	Paul Zerwekh.
Carl Hartmann,	

SECOND BASS.

Harvey Harris,	August Luer.
Sanford Taylor,	

The Girls' Chorus.

Hildegarde Ash,
Tula Baker,
Dollie Ballenger,
Maude Ballenger,
Lelia Bauer,
Ilida Bertman,
Marjorie Betts,
Hattie Bilderbeck,
Helen Boals,
Myrtle Boals,
Flora Broglie,
Calanthe Brueggeman,
Kathryn Burns,
Vivienne Carter,
Mayme Coleman,
Mabel Coyle,
Rhea Curdie,
Dell Dahlstrom,
Florence Dick,
Helen Didlake,
Elizabeth Dorman,
Elizabeth Eberhardt,
Virginia English,
Frances Fechner,
Anna Feldwisch,
Lulu Feldwisch,
Clara Fiedler,
Grace Fiedler,
Senia Fiedler,
Bertha Fiegenbaum,
Alice Freeman,
May Foreman,
Florence Fowler,
Lillian Gaddis,
Johanna Gerbig,
Imo Gillham,
Ruth Glassbrenner,
Flora Glen,
Louise Gregory,
Thyrza Grinniet,
Lula Halsey,
Margaret Harris,
Frances Harris,
Bessie Hamilton,
Clara Hawkins,
Ada Hemkin,
Phoebe Herbert,
Kathaleen Heskett,
Emily Hoefert,
Helen Hope,
Frances Hurlbutt,
Verneda Jacoby,
Elizabeth Johnstone,
Viola Joyce,
Angelica Kauffman,
Laura Kitzmiller,
Ruth Kinney,
Gertrude Kelsey,
Mamie Kelsey,
Lenora Koch,
Hannah Kranz,
Florence Kuehn,
Edith Lagemann,
Viola Loarts,
Leila Logan,
Hallie Mae Logan,
Johanna Masel,
Mary March,
Gertrude Maul,
Philomene Marum,
Bessie McKee,
Jennie McKee,
Ruth McHolland,
Katherine Meriwether,
Pearl Millison,
Ruth Moran,

THE GIRLS' CHORUS—Continued.

Alice Morris,	Marcella Sherwood,
Electa Musick,	Mabel Shearlock,
Frieda Netzhammer,	Hilda Stafford,
Mae Nickels,	Pearl Steele,
Elda Paul,	Florence Steiner,
Ethel Paul,	Hilda Steiner,
Lauretta Paul,	Marjorie Taylor,
Pearl Paul,	Julia Thorn,
Upha Peters,	Edith Tonsor,
Wilma Pierce,	Josephine Waldrip,
Cora Pile,	Ethel Waltrip,
Edna Radcliff,	Annabel Wayman,
Clara Randolph,	Verna Warner,
Dell Riley,	Lillian Weber,
Amelia Ringemann,	Stella Weber,
Frances Robertson,	Josephine Webb,
Ruby Rosebery,	Florence Weindel,
Irene Ruddy,	Eunice Whitney,
Ruby Russell,	Myrtle Williams,
Reba Russell,	Ethel Wilson,
Mildred Rutledge,	Mary Wilson,
Edna Sawyer,	Cora Wuerker,
Gladys Schneider,	Myrtle Volz,
Mary Schmidt,	Fay Yaeger,
Mildred Scott,	Rosalie Zaugg.

IN PHYSICS.

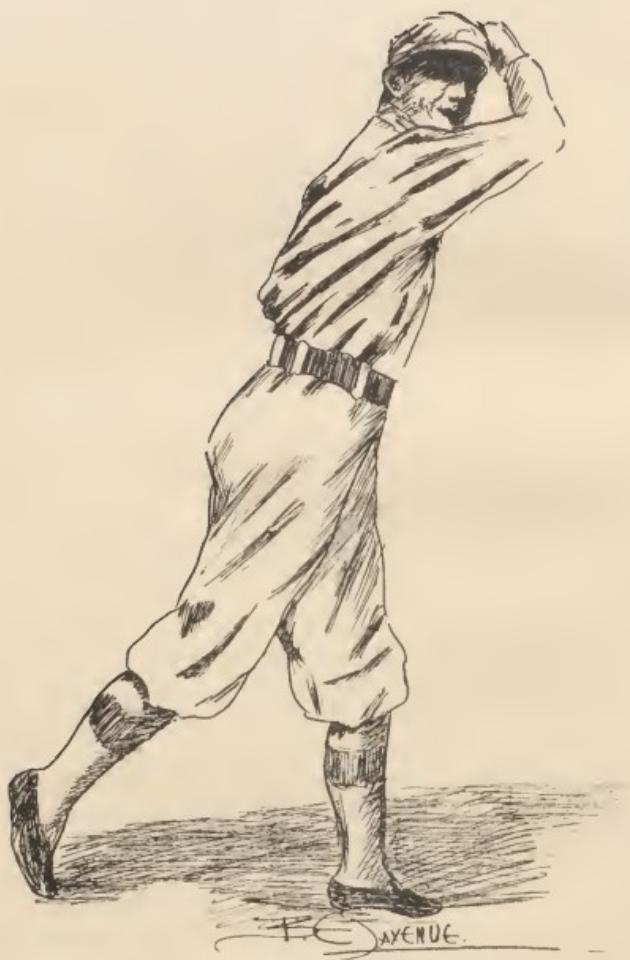
Mr. Watson: "Are the lower regions hot or cold?"

Kirk M. (with a grieved expression): "I don't know."

Miss Wempen, looking at Bert, who was wiggling in his seat:—
"Lillian, sit still!"

"Venus was the goddess of beauty, and is always represented as having no arms."

"After Shakespeare's marriage to Anne Hathaway, he was hunting one day and he shot the deer."



A T H L E T I C S



Football Team, '08.

The Football Season of 1908.



FEW weeks after the beginning of school in September, Mr. Watson, our coach, announced on the bulletin board, "Football practice at 3:30." Finally enough pupils turned out to form a first and a second team. Although the boys were not quite as large and heavy as those of some of the former teams, they were very fast. Added to this virtue was an excellent code of signals, formulated by Mr. Watson.

The first game with Central High School of St. Louis, at St. Louis, resulted in a score of 20 to 0 in favor of the St. Louis boys. Still, comparatively speaking, this was not so bad, for our boys were handicapped by their opponents' size and weight.

The next game of the season was with the Western Military Academy of Upper Alton. The result of this contest was somewhat of a surprise to the Alton supporters, for from reports the High School boys had demonstrated their superiority in several practice games. The whistle blew with the ball on Western's one-yard line. The Cadets won with a score of 17 to 0. Coleman, right half for Alton, played a star game; his ground-gaining by bucks was a feature of the game.

The third game with Edwardsville High was played on the grounds of the Western Military Academy. Although Edwardsville outweighed our boys, they were too slow and could not stop the hard, fast plunges of McPike, our fullback, who was forced to leave the field because of an injury received during the last few minutes of play. Alton came off victorious 15 to 6.

The last contest on the gridiron for the season of 1908 was played at Jacksonville with the team of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The latter piled up a score of 40 to 0. One reason for such a one-sided score was that there were several substitutes on our lineup. The cold weather was a severe handicap against good, clean playing.

One thing noticeable, we are sorry to say, was the lack of support given by the pupils to the team. However, since the organization of the Alton High School Athletic Association, we hope that there will be larger crowds at the games, and thus more encouragement given to the team.

R. GARY.

ALTON-CENTRAL-GAME.



The Football Team.

Center	Levis
Right Guard	Calame
Left Guard	Stowell, Bristow
Right Tackle	Mook
Left Tackle	Matthews, Ellison
Right End	Beall
Left End	Gregory, Rothacher
Quarterback	Ramp
Right Halfback	Coleman
Left Halfback	Rothacher, Hopkins

Record of the Games.

Oct. 3—Alton High vs. Central High	.	.	.	0-20
Oct. 24—Alton High vs. Western Military Academy	.	.	.	0-17
Nov. 7—Alton High vs. Edwardsville High	.	.	.	15-6
Nov. 14—Alton High vs. Jacksonville Institute	.	.	.	0-40



Boys' Basketball Team.

The Boys' Basketball.

Left Forward . . .	Paul Rothacher
Right Forward . . .	Harry Johnston
Center . . .	McPike, Bristow
Right Guard . . .	Osborn
Left Guard . . .	Beall, Taylor
Substitute, . . .	Hopkins

Record of the Games.

- Jan. 9—Alton High vs. Central High. Score, 18-41.
Jan. 12—Alton High vs. Upper Alton High. Score, 19-23.
Jan. 16—Alton High vs. Bunker Hill High. Score, 54-24.
Jan. 21—Alton High vs. Y. M. C. A. Score, 35-29.
Jan. 30—Alton High vs. Edwardsville. Score, 53-19.
Feb. 5—Alton High vs. St. Patrick's. Score, 55-14.
-

The Girls' Basketball.

Left Forward . . .	Imo Gillham
Right Forward . . .	Ruby Rosbery
Center . . .	Kathaleen Heskett
Left Guard . . .	Nettie Rosebery
Right Guard . . .	Philomene Maruni
Substitute . . .	Hallie Mae Logan
Manager . . .	Miss Wempen

Record of the Games.

- Feb. 6—Alton High vs. Maplewood. Score, 5-32.
Feb. 26—Alton High vs. American Girls. Score, 4-38.
March 6—Alton High vs. Collinsville. Score, 17-38.
March 20—Alton High vs. Collinsville. Score, 14-18.



Girls' Basketball Team.

Review of Basketball Season '08-'09.

ONCE again the curtain is rung down on another basketball season in Alton High School. Let us for a moment look backward over the record just made and decide for ourselves whether or not it has been a successful or an unsuccessful one. Of the eight games played, five have been decisive victories, two decisive defeats, and one a defeat, but not a decisive one, administered by an inferior team. Through a slightly different arrangement of the season's schedule, all the above might have been victories for our team. But we were obliged to open the season by playing the fast team from Central High before we were thoroughly prepared, hence a defeat at the very start. But when, later in the season, the boys had reached their stride, to defeat them meant that the opponents had to play basketball of real class. Let us take up the work of each individual player, follow it through the season, and conclude. First, at left forward Paul has played throughout. It has been his first year with the school team, but his experience with city teams has given him considerable knowledge of the game. We have, this year, failed to see a floor worker more neat than he, and his goal getting is first-class. We predict a successful future for him. The school still retains his services for next year, and with the added experience and knowledge he is sure to get in the meantime, he will earn a place in the front rank among the forwards of the state. He starred in the Bunker Hill game.

At the right forward position Harry has finished his second year. It would be difficult to predict just what would have happened had we been without his services. Always in the game, not as an individual, but as a team player, always ready to help, were the things that made him valuable. In more cases than one the thrown basket was the direct result of Harry's passing. He is lost to the team by graduation, and his vacancy will be hard to fill—a player of his exact type will probably never be developed.

In the early games Martin was played at center, and his great height and long reach played him in good stead. He had the promise of rapid development, when a weak ankle of long standing forced him to retire. His place was taken by Fred. This change conclusively

proved that it does not take a tall center to make a good center. His shift from his former guard position seemed to do his own work good, and that of the team as well. Fred has his faults, to be sure, and we only regret that he will not be with the team next year, for with the additional year of experience as a center, we could expect even greater things from this hard-working, and at times, earnest player. He starred in the St. Patrick's game.

Leland has been stationed at guard all season. This second year has shown him to be the same "Ozzy" of old, though his work has been slightly handicapped by an injured ankle and by the fact that he has not been blessed with the same running mate throughout the season—a constant shift in the other guard position keeping his work slightly under cover. His playing has been consistent, though, and his graduation will be felt. His work compares favorably with that of any guard ever turned out by Alton High, and we've had guards of real class, too.

Percy and Eliot shared together the left guard position. As defensive guards, both are good; Percy especially stays with his forward well, his height being his handicap. This is his first year on the team, and next year he should make a good mate for Paul as forward. Elliot's guard experience will make him more valuable as a center next year, and with more aggressiveness and skill in passing, he will develop, and we predict that he will "make good" with a vengeance.

Kendall is aggressive at all times, is in the game from first to last, and is a hard one to follow. He, too, graduates in June, '09.

Such is the personnel of the team. Their record of winnings, .625, compares favorably with that of any team in this vicinity, and it truly deserved more support than it got. The financial deficit at this time is in exact proportion to, and is indicative of the deficit in spirit manifested by the student body as a whole, toward active school enterprise. We hope it will be better some day. It still remains to be seen what support will be accorded next year's team, composed of Paul, Percy, Eliot, Joe and James. The above are hard workers and will give us a good team if encouraged. The more encouragement given them the harder they'll work for us. Try it, don't wait, but *do it now*.

In this review, the girls' team deserves notice. I will not dwell long on the tiresome enumeration of the games won, but will speak from their standpoint as nearly as I see it. I wonder if it

is universally known that Nettie, Imo, Kathaleen, Philomene, Hallie Mae and Ruby make up the girls' team, and that the above named girls, in order to play their games during the season, have come down into the gymnasium regularly since November to practice, many times under protest from folks at home, and all for what purpose? Not merely for their own amusement (for often it resembled real hard work rather than mere play), but to give the school something to be proud of. Are you proud of them? Of course you ought to be, but honestly now, have you ever thought about it in this way? Well, no matter, I as coach, think more of them for that very reason, for their persistence in keeping up interest, even under adverse outside conditions, more than if it were taken for granted that every game meant a victory without work.

And even after all, if the season has not been one of crowning successes on every side, there are other fields after graduation that require the same tenacity and concentration of purpose as has basketball, and I predict for each and every one of the girls that crowning success of all: to be *Centers* of influence in the home, to *Guard* well the opportunities placed in their hands for doing good, and to *Forward* those interests that pertain to both the welfare and harmony of the *Team*.

To boys and girls alike, the High School letter this year presented, was never more valuable than now.

E. CARL WATSON.

A Recent Honor for A. H. S.

Another honor was given to A. H. S. when Mayme E. Coleman received the gold medal in the prize essay contest offered by Washington University. A number of schools were represented in the contest; among them, McKinley and Yeatman, East St. Louis and Edwardsville. The essays were entered in two classes, the essay from Alton being entered in Class A. The subject was "Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities." The essay was remarkable in its clearness and conciseness, and the pupils of A. H. S. are proud to own the writer as a fellow student.

My Victory.

Long had I lain in darkness deep,
 Away from frolic and fun;
O! how I longed to take one peep
 At the nine who always won!

My longings were broken one day
 By a voice within the store.
"Give me a base ball," I heard it say,
 "For we shall have games galore."

An Alton High School lad bought me
 And took me home with him;
"A game with Western we play," said he,
 And we simply have to win.

That afternoon at the stroke of two
 With bats, balls and his shield,
And with a crowd of merry girls too,
 We left for the base ball field.

Nine innings and a half: a tie;
 My heart was beating fast,
For the Western pitcher picked me up;
 My chance had come at last.

How good to feel on my leathery face
 The warming touch of the bat!
What joy to whiz through the stinging air!
 It was worth life, just for that!

I aimed straight at the bat Sam held,
 Which sent me whizzing bold;
I wriggled out of the fielder's hand
 And bounded and bounced and rolled.

They brought me back in time to hear
 Three cheers for a great home run,
And cheers for Alton's victory,
 Which I think I really won.

M. A. KAUFFMAN, '11.

The Wearers of the "A."

LHE PLAN of rewarding all athletes who have achieved the honor of being on the first team and have participated in a specified number of games, either in Football, Basketball or Track, with a large "A," has been carried out this year, as last year. Thirteen additional people were given the honor of joining those who were already "wearers of the A." Coach Watson, before presenting the "A's," made a speech in his usual witty and humorous manner. Of course everybody was pleased, but we cannot say surprised, as all are aware of Mr. Watson's talent in that direction. Then he called the names of all who were to receive their reward, and they arranged themselves in a semi-circle before the platform, from which Mr. Watson gave each his meed, and then all returned to their seats rejoicing.

Wearers of the "A."

FOOTBALL.

Fred McPike, Martin Bristow,
William Levis, Lewis Calame,
Walter Smith, Kirk Mook,
Frank Stowell, Paul Rothacher,
James Coleman.

TRACK.

Martin Bristow,

BASKETBALL.

Fred McPike, Harry Johnston,
Martin Bristow, Kendall Hopkins,
Leland Osborn, Paul Rothacher,
Elliott F. Taylor, Percy Beall,
Nettie Rosebery, Hallie Mae Logan
Kathaleen Heskett Imo Gillham,
Philomene Maurm Ruby Rosebery.



The Carlinville Meet.

May has been blessed with many flowers, and, as in most cases, there is a reason. Perhaps you remember the saying, "April showers bring May flowers." My diary for one week reads as follows:

Sunday, April 18—Rained.

Monday, April 19—More rain.

Tuesday, April 20—Slight showers. Track team out and works hard. Preliminary meet. Cox, the star.

Wednesday, April 21—April showers in abundance.

Thursday, April 22—Sun shines!!!! Track teams out. Paul Z. sprains his ankle.

Friday, April 23—Lecture on trees by an "out-of-towner." Rains as usual. Track squad meets in room eight for council of war. Instructions are to be at the station at 10 a. m. next day.

And why Saturday morning at ten o'clock at the station? Why, the dual meet between Alton High and Blackburn University. At nine forty-five Paul Zerwekh came down, said that his ankle felt "pretty good," but told us that he was not going, didn't have his suit down. But there were fifteen minutes yet, and "P. Z." must go. Over by a telephone pole was a two wheeled instrument used by men for business and pleasure, generally known as a bicycle, so "P. Z." got on it and away to get his suit. At ten sharp the train was there, but "P. Z." was not. However, coming down the hill two blocks away, we saw the above mentioned gentleman doing "stunts" on the bicycle and coming so fast that the pedals were hot with friction. As the train started "P. Z." jumped aboard and calmly asked: "Whose wheel was that?" A question still unanswered.

We got there all right, with the exception that Jim thought he was going to East St. Louis, and began debating. We gave him the decision, and he stopped. Luer smiled when we got off the train, and he informed us that "they" shipped sausages up there. Now, if any of you have ever stayed all day and had dinner at the Central Hotel in some budding town that hopes to have a street fair and a ten wagon circus next year—delectable and permanent hope!—you can realize what sort of a city (?) Carlinville is.

Finally, to the race track we went, a beautiful spot in the wood, where the spring beauties were in bloom, where the robin sang to his mate, and where we found our fate. Now, you are doubtless aware of the fact that our boys are, generally speaking, courteous. That afternoon they were more courteous than ever, and high respect for old age let the "old men" of the University capture first place. Of course we excuse August for not having more respect for his elders and for capturing two first places, but that was his first offense, and he will go free. But if he does it again, he will doubtless receive a gold medal for each offense. With one exception the University track men were giants, physically. The exception was only six feet four inches and weighed one hundred ninety pounds. A little boy ran up to one of them and said, "Say, dad, ma wants you to hurry home and fill the tea kettle."

The starter, not being used to starting human horse races, resigned by request after a failure to give a "square deal" in the fifty and hundred yard dashes.

Our fellows all did well under conditions so unfavorable, and they all deserve the praise and support of the school, especially Paul Zerwekh. A fellow who will run a mile and a half mile race within fifteen minutes of each other with a sprained ankle, and win a place, all for the glory of the ruby red and silver gray, is made of the right kind of stuff and deserves our praise.

C. W., '09.

A Dilemma.

I'm a broken hearted Senior;
Oh, what a sad disgrace;
I'll tell you what the trouble is,
I do not know my face.

My twin and I are all mixed up;
Now tell us if you can,
Is it my proof or Ethel's
Which I have in my hand?

We are puzzling still about it,
The truth is yet unknown.
See, Ethel, that's your buckle!
That kind I do not own.

Now our difficulty's over,
Our troubles all are past;
This is Ethel, that one's Elda,
Here, Sissie, hold your's fast.

JOKES



On these pages you will see
Jokes about the Faculty,
Seniors, Juniors, Freshmen; all
Have to answer to our call,

If at the jokers you get mad,
Just read ahead and you'll be glad;
It was not you that got stung there—
Oh, well, a joke is always fair.

Think of the pains the Juniors took,
In getting out this little book,
Then let the writers have their fun,
And tell on you that little one.

Students' Town.

B. C. R.

This is the mayor of great renown,
Who makes the laws for Students' Town.
He's loved, revered, o'er all the land,
For he holds the lid with a steady hand,
All city merchants his students demand,
For the "B. C. Brand" is the best in the land.

Mr. LORCH.

Here's the policeman of Students' Town,
He keeps the riotous youngsters down.
He scowls and protests at all flag raising,
Forgets that the Juniors are not worth chasing.
His voice is so gentle you'd scarce call him base
And all but athletes are afraid of his mace.

Mr. KRAFT.

We here see the druggist of Students' Town
Who fills out the prescriptions with never a frown.
His knowledge of acids and bases and all
Is undoubtedly real : who could think it a "stall"?
He handles the chemicals with rare discretion
And makes in the town a decided impression.

THE KID

This pitiful being would willingly drown,
For he is the scholar of Students' Town.
He rises at daybreak to pore over book-keeping,
And sits up at midnight at translations digging.
For Latin and Physics and Civics and Chem.
Are his sole recreations—he's harnessed to them.

C. W., '10.



Marching Club.

The Marching Club.

B. C. Richardson	Colonel of A. H. S. Regiment
E. L. King	Captain Company A
E. C. Watson	Captain Company B
J. H. Kraft	Captain Company C
Alva Allen Kraft	The Mascot of the Regiment

Members: The patriots of the Alton High School.

To Colonel Richardson, Commanding First Regiment of A. H. S.:

Upon receipt of this order you will proceed with Companies A, B and C, commanded by Captains King, Watson and Kraft, respectively, to Ridge Street, thence to the City Hall.

R. A. HAIGHT, Brigadier General.

This order was issued in answer to the urgent request made by the Lincoln-Douglas Centennial officials, for the splendid looking, well-trained troops of A. H. S. to favor the unveiling of the tablet with their presence.

Thus it came about that on Thursday, October 15, 1908, many pupils of the Alton High School were marshaled forth on Ridge Street, where the pageant began. The event was a great success, as of course was to be expected, considering the fact that A. H. S. formed the main attraction. Indeed, it has been said that so dazzling a spectacle has not been exhibited since the days of Napoleon of old, and doubtless to the everlasting credit of A. H. S., a record of the event will go down in the annals of the history of Alton. Modesty bids us mention that Western Military Academy and Shurtleff College also participated.

The next day, to the sorrow of all who had not marched, an announcement was made by Colonel Richardson that all the loyal soldiers were to receive as a pension five per cent. extra credit on their monthly grades. A prize of five dollars was also awarded to the infantry for being the class which had the largest per cent. of its number present.

The Affinity Club.

President	Mr. King
Affinity	Miss The Girl in Canada

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Hermon Cole	Affinity, Louise Gregory
Frank Stowell	Affinity, Verna Warner
Lucian Taylor	Affinity, Estelle Magee
Clark Wells	Affinity, Mayme Coleman
Percy Beall	Affinity, Mary Ryrie
Kirk Mook	Affinity, Hallie Mae Logan
Joseph Ramp	
Honorary Members	Anybody On Probation
Committee on Membership	Cupid

The Natural Science Club.

Mr. Kraft	President (ex-officio)
William Pace	Chief Animal Trainer
Joe Wright	Chief Bug Catcher
Committee on Snakes—Hermon Cole, Max Masel, Malcolm Harris.	Hermon Cole, Max Masel, Malcolm Harris.
Authority on Wasps	Yolande Moussard

A Freshman Letter.

ALTON, Ill., March 10, 1909.

DEER BROTHER:—

i thot i wood rite and tell u that i'm in hie skool. got fore studies, they are algebra, latin, english and physiology. i like hie skool reel wel. ain't got no demerits yet but spect ill git one party soon. how are u gittin' along; gess this is ur last year, aint it. i hope u are gittin' along alrite. when i first come to hie i was afful nervus and the seniors they all laff at me cause i'm little, u no. then i razed my hand cause i wanted to ask the teecher somethin' and they all laff louder than ever. i got put under thu shower bath but i never got very wet tho. wished i never did go to skool anyhow, cause the seniors and sophomores can't find nothin' to do but laff at u. i think the seniors ot not to laff at u that way but they do it. they allas try to find somethin' to laff at, the juniors aint so bad. aint nobody in our class got a demerit yet, gess we're afful good aint we. we had a class meetin' and joe ramp was elected president and walter seglock

vice president and eunice whitney sectery and treser. well i gess u
don't want to reed enymore so i'll clos. ur brother, JIM.

A Freshman's Opinions of His Teacher.

Miss Wempen is sertoinly a pippin.

Everyone likes Miss McCarthy, especially the boys, for they all like to sit up in the front of the room, for she is so good looking, and I can't blame them at all.

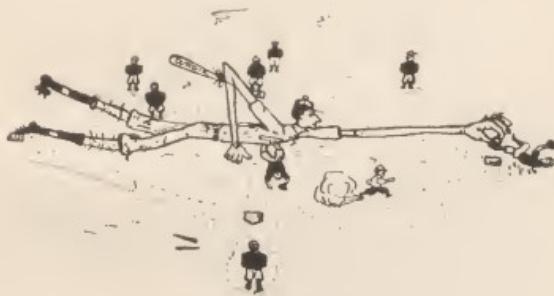
Mr. Kraft, our physical geog. teacher is a jimdandy, and is liked by everybody.

Miss Hudson, the good sole, which is always threatening people with demerits, and is good enough to very seldom give them, is our drawing teacher.

Miss Gossrau treats us like angels, for it wasn't long since she went to High School and knows how disagreeable it is to get demerits.

Mr. Richardson, the Principal of the school, and who is loved by all the people in school, especially the girls, for two reasons, and one is because they say he has such a kind, sweet disposition, and the other is because he is single. Aren't those good ones?

Miss Bixler, who is last but not least, and very hard to beat. If you want to get some one to beat her, they sertoinly must be humdingers.



What a base stealer Curdie would make (^).



The Faculty Meeting.

'Twas on a hot September day,
That our teachers met last year
To tell who should for mischief pay,
And to darken records clear.

The meeting in room nine was held
'Twas conducted by B. C.,
And, though no murmuring was heard
They were hot as hot could be.

The sweat stood out on every face,
And on foreheads broad 't was seen,
The weather had affected all,
Both the fat ones and the lean.

The moisture curled the hair more tight
That was made by nature so,
But hair curled by the curling iron
Was too awful! Oh! such woe!

The sleepy flies hummed drowsy 'round
With an aimless sort of air;
Did I say "air?" That's surely wrong,
There was no such thing found there.

The teachers all began to nod,
'Though they tried with all their might
To sit up and be dignified,
But, oh! 't was a weary sight.

And as in vain they tried with fans
The sticky flies to shoo,
Outside the door, midst buzzing hum,
Was heard a "goo-ah-goo!"

And then the door was opened soft
And Mr. Kraft came in
With Alva Allen on his arm,
Who was anything but thin.

The latter chuckled, laughed, and cooed
In his own sweet winning way;
The monotony was broken
And 't was thought he'd saved the day.

But see! the baby soon grows still
And he dozes away in sleep;
Again the same old drowsiness
Doth o'er the meeting creep.

The flies again resume their buzz,
Against the panes they're beating;
The teachers rest in pleasant dreams;
Such was the teachers' meeting.

Oh! what was so rare as that day in September
When the heat was oppressive and tired eyes
would close?

Oh! that was a day the teachers remember,
For oh! how sweet was that afternoon doze!

"The Grinder."

—;— PRICE, 2 CENTS. —;—

EDITED FOR AND DEDICATED TO THE "GROUND."

EDITORIALS.

MORE GRASS!

The proceeds of the next issue of THE GRINDER will be used in purchasing some grass to be placed behind the High School building. This is a worthy cause, and subscribers will receive a double benefit in the next issue. The luxury of doing good is worth the price of THE GRINDER, and the news is worth twice the price.

A Handsome Gift

The Senior Class, long known as the wealthy class, has decided to put its superfluous cash to good advantage. The class has decided to purchase electric fans to be placed on each desk during finals and commencement week, and to furnish the Junior Class tutti-frutti and ice cream cones the remainder of the year. This is done because of the hot weather, which is so unfavorable to study. May the Senior Class long be remembered in the land of tutti-frutti and electric fans.

GRAVE ACCIDENT TO A SOPHOMORE

Miss Hewitt Now Out of DANGER!

Owing to a sudden shock, Miss Elinor Hewitt, of Sophomore town, was overcome this morning. One of the statues that graces the ends of the platform moved this morning, and, overcome by the intenseness of the moment, the young lady was prostrated.

Prompt Action.

The doctor called at once and applied a demerit. His prompt action put Miss Hewitt out of danger, and she will recover. Heretofore she has appeared healthy to all observers, but the recent loss of her heart to a Senior, together with the catastrophe, may be described as the cause of her collapse.

Subscribe for THE GRINDER.

ANOTHER FLAGRAISING

Desperate Vandals Do Deadly Work!

At noon on the top of one of the numerous telephone poles that line our promenade, a small object of tin was to be seen. Upon close examination by some of the boys, it was discovered to be the battered top of a lard can, having some numerals scrawled upon it. Whether or not it is the work of some blackmailers is not yet known.

A HOLIDAY.

The worthy Board of Education, with its usual generosity, has once more used its beneficent power and has announced a holiday, not only for the High School but for all the schools as well, on the next Fourth of July. This last holiday is one of a splendid series that have been brightening the days of the pupils of the school.

Real Estate.

Room for rent; nice attic, light and airy, fine view, near car line, in the highest part of Alton. Apply,

H. NAYLOR,
Room 12, A. H. S. Building.

NOTED MAN IN TOWN TODAY

Mr. Alva Allen Kraft Visits the Faculty.

Mr. A. A. Kraft, who visited the faculty, has returned to his home very much pleased with the intelligence of its members. He refused to be interviewed by the reporter from THE GRINDER, but said goo'ah, very distinctly.

Locals and Personals.

We wonder why Mr. King went to Canada last summer.

Who is she, Mr. K.?

The cub reporter says the Affinity Club met last night. If we remember correctly, last night was moonlight.

The noted orator, Honorable Clark Le Napoleon Wells, had a serious accident the other evening. During a hasty sleep, snatched from his arduous labors, he dreamed that the house was on fire. Immediately he jumped up, tied a sheet to a hook on the window, threw it out and slid down. Unfortunately, he reached the ground sooner than he expected, and consequently is very much shaken up this morning.

THE GRINDER.

BOYS HAVE DECIDED On Costumes

The boys of the Senior Class have decided to wear red polkadot coats and tucked trousers on class day. This costume will be very pretty and appropriate, along with a white bib and rainbow sailor caps. The decision was made in accordance with the request of the girls of the Senior Class to have a simple garb for the graduating exercises.

LOST AND FOUND.

Lost.

LOST—Somewhere between February 1st and June 1st, 25 E's, 20 hours of work and 20 hours of sleep. Finder please return to Flagraiser & Co. and receive reward.

LOST—One Botany pupil on last flower excursion. Finder please communicate with Miss Bails, Botany School of Art.

Found.

FOUND—(On the back stairs) One bunch of light hair puffs. Owner may have the article by calling at the office and identifying it.

Wanted—One spring vacation, every year about April 1st.

Address,
LAZY LOAFER CLUB,
A. H. S. Building.

For Sale—Canines of all descriptions, useful as well as ornamental, large or small; any color desired. For further information, apply to Room 2.

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16—People—16

Count Them.

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Tonight. Admission 10c. Tonight.

THE GRINDER.

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